



USAF SERIES

UTILITY AFTER-FLIGHT MANUAL

BONE DRIVER'S HANDBOOK

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DEDICATION

This hymnal is dedicated to all flyers who paid the ultimate price in the defense of liberty.

The Combat Aviator

Say what you will about him: Arrogant, cocky, boisterous, and a fun-loving fool to boot – He has earned his place in the sun. Across the span of ninety years he has given this country some of its proudest moments and most cherished military traditions. But fame is short-lived and little the world remembers. Almost forgotten are the 1400 pilots who stood alone against the might of Hitler's Germany during the dark summer of 1940 – and gave England, in the words of Winston Churchill, "It's finest hour." Gone from the tarmac of British soil are the 17s, 24s, 47s, and 51s that terrorized the finest fighter squadrons the Luftwaffe had. Dimly remembered are the daring aviators that gave Americans some of their few proud moments in the skies over Korea. How fresh in the recall are the air commandos who valiantly struck the VC with their aging "Skyraiders" in the rain and blood soaked valley called A-Shau? And how long will be remembered the "Phantoms" and "Thuds" and "Buffs" over "Route Pack Six" and the flack filled skies of Hanoi? Barrel Roll, Steel Tiger, and Tally Ho. So here's a "Nickel on the Grass" to you, my friend, and your spirit, enthusiasm, sacrifice, and courage – but most of all to your friendship. Yours is a dying breed and when you are gone – the world will be a lesser place!

-Friar Tuck

1 JUNE 2002

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THE BONE DRIVERS HANDBOOK

This book is our thoughts, our songs, and our games. Lesser individuals who have never strapped their asses to a piece of flaming metal will consider these of little or no redeeming social value. Because of this, the songs contained in this book are held as sacred by those of us that have. Those people do not know, nor will ever know what it means to be a Combat Aviator. This book is not for them...it is for us! THE BONE DRIVER'S HANDBOOK is a collection of over 80 years of tradition. A tradition that will never die as long as enemy aggression challenges for supremacy of the skies and free men rise to defeat them. "Anything else is rubbish!"

*"As we stand near the ringing rafters
The walls around us are bare
As we echo our peals of laughter
It seems as though the dead are still there.
So stand by your glasses ready.
Let not a tear fill your eye.
Here's to those dead already
And Hurrah for the next to die!"*

For those gone, for those now, and for those to come, this book is our spirit and blood. If you're a combat aviator, it's yours....if not,

"BEAT IT, YA FUCK!"

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THE MISSION: Air-to-Ground

The mission of the *BONE* is to put bombs on target. Everything else, such as MPF, the BX, finance, fuel trucks, supply, and Air-to-Air is simply support for the mission.

You win the war by killing the enemy by the thousands, on the ground, not one at a time at twenty thousand feet.

Concerning the tally of Medal of Honor winners in Southeast Asia, it shows the score as:



Air-to-Ground = 5; Air-to Air = 0.

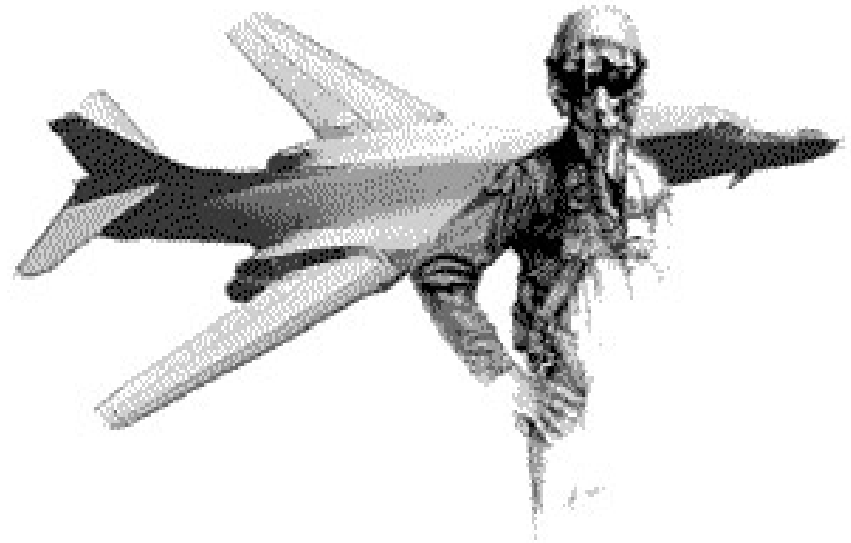
In wartime, our POWs are not released because the enemy sends representatives to sit smugly at "peace talks". They are not released because some famous movie actress betrayed her countrymen at arms, and they are not released because the enemy lost five aircraft to certain individuals who became aces. They are released because brave men took their bombers downtown

and spoke personally to their captors, in the only language the enemy understands: iron bombs falling on their craniums.

You can shoot down all the MiGs you want, but if you return from the mission and find the Russian tank commander having lunch in your snack bar, you've lost the war, Jack.

These lessons have been forged in blood and steel by all those Air-to-Ground crews who have gone before you—crews who flew back when men were men and women were sex objects, and the rest of the world knew not to fuck with the USA or we would nuke 'em off the map; back when SAC patches were twice the size of every other commands'; back when bombers were built to be water drinkin', smoke pourin' and BIG, and only quiche-eatin' airline pukers flew fans. Times change and technology changes, but the crew in the cockpit must remain the same brave warriors every age has counted on in times of peril.

Finally, real warriors fly Air-to-Ground because they understand the fundamentals of wartime negotiations. You negotiate with the enemy with your knee in his chest and your knife at his throat.



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OLD CLASSICS

BONE SONG

We fly our fucking Bones at 200 fucking feet
 We fly our fucking Bones through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying south we're flying fucking
 north
 And we haven't seen our wingman since the Firth of fucking
 Forth

CHORUS:

Glory Glory, what a helluva way to die.

Glory Glory, what a helluva way to die.

Glory Glory, what a helluva way to die.

(INSERT LAST LINE OF EACH VERSE)

We fly our fucking Bones at 100 fucking feet
 We fly our fucking Bones through the corn and rye and wheat
 Though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck
 But we don't give a damn or care a flying fuck

(Chorus)

We fly our fucking Bones at 50 fucking feet
 We fly our fucking Bones and it's really fucking neat
 Though we think we're flying up, we're really flying down
 And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground

(CHORUS)

We hate the fucking RCO at the Smokey fucking range
 We hate the fucking RCO at the Smokey fucking range
 'Cause when we hit the target he says it's off the fucking range
 So we roll in on the range tower and that is fucking that

9

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt
 She went to a doctor 'cause she couldn't shit.
 He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
 Up went the window and out went her ass!

CHORUS:

It was brown, brown, shit all around

Brown, brown, shit all around

It was brown, brown, shit all around

And the whole world was covered in SHIT-SHIT-SHIT-SHIT

A handsome young copper was walking his beat.
 He happened to be on that side of the street.
 He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy.
 And a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye.

CHORUS:

This handsome copper, he cussed and he swore.

He called the young maiden a dirty old whore.
And under a bridge you can still see him sit.
With a sign 'round his neck saying "blinded by shit."

CHORUS:

Great pilots are made not born... A man may posses good eyesight, sensitive hands, and perfect coordination, but the end product is only fashioned by steady coaching, much practice, and experience.

Air Vice-Marshall J.E. "Jonnie" Johnson

11

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I shot him dead
With a piece of fucking lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing, fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff'll be there to, fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff'll be there to, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too
With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, fuck 'em all

Oh, the Parson he will come, fuck 'em all
Oh, the Parson he will come, fuck 'em all
Oh, the Parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bum, fuck 'em all

12

(CHORUS)

We love the fucking RCO at the Melrose fucking range
We love the fucking RCO at the Melrose fucking range
'Cause when we're 50 miles out he says "You're cleared on hot"
And we get a good score whether we hit the target or not

(CHORUS)

We fly our fucking Bones at the speed of fucking heat
We fly our fucking Bones and it's quite a fucking treat
With our burners fucking cookin' and our stick pulled fucking
back
And there ain't a Bloke among ya who can catch our fucking act

I LOVE MY WIFE

CHORUS:

*I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,
I love her truly.
I love the hole that she pisses through.*

I love her ruby red lips, her lily white tits,
And the hair around her asshole.
I'd eat her shit,
Gobble, gobble, slurp, slurp,
With a rusty spoon, with a rusty spoon.

CHORUS

I love her matted black hair, and her dirty underwear
And the smell of her vagina
I'd eat her cunt
gobble, gobble, slurp, slurp,
If she asked me to, if she asked me to.

10

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wears a mask
For his silly fuckin' task
He can shove it up his ass, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all



Oh, they say I greased the rope
With a piece of fuckin' soap
What a silly fuckin' joke, fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd
And I felt so fuckin' proud
That I shouted right out loud FUCK 'EM ALL

WITHOUT HER PANTS ON!!!

13

note: The Martin B-26 Marauder was a plane with a very high landing speed. It accounted for a disproportionate number of training accidents in 1942, leading to a wing redesign

POETRY

INTRO: You remember Old Mother Hubbard?

RESPONSE: I FUCKED HER!!!

CHORUS: Poetry, poetry. How do you like my poetry?
It may not be as mellow as Longfellow, but it's
my poetry.

INTRO: Little Boy Blue...

REPONSE: HE NEEDED THE MONEY!!!

INTRO: Three blind mice, see how they run,

RESPONSE: WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY GOING???

Rub a dub dub, three men in a tub. BUTT FUCKING!

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow. It followed
her to school one day, AND A BIG BLACK DOG FUCKED IT!

There once was a lady who lived in a shoe.
She had so many kids, HER CUNT FELL OUT!

Jack and Jill went up the hill, each with a buck and a quarter
Jill came down with two fifty, THE FUCKING WHORE!!

Jack and Jell went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jack fell
down and broke his dick, SO JILL HAD TO MASTERBATE!

Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet, eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider, and sat down beside her And said
“WHAT’S IN THE BOWL, BITCH!”

15

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, to fetch her dog a
bone

But when she bent over, old Rover took over.
AND GAVE HER A BONE OF HIS OWN!

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner, eating his sister away.
He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said “WHERE’S YOUR CHERRY, BITCH!”

Hickory dickory dock, three mice ran up the clock.
The clock struck one AND KILLED THE LITTLE FUCKERS!!

Rock a by baby, in the treetop.
Your mother’s whore AND I’M NOT YOUR POP!

Mary, Mary quite contrary
Shave that pussy CAUSE IT’S JUST TO HAIRY!

Hickory dickory dock, this chick was sucking my cock
The clock struck two, I blew my goo
AND I KICKED HER OUT ON THE NEXT BLOCK, WHAT A
PIG!

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Jack’s a fag CAUSE HE SUCKS DICK!

Mary, Mary quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells, AND A GREAT BIG
FUCKING CUCUMBER!

Georgie, Georgie puddin’ and pie
Jerked off in his girlfriend’s eye,
When her eye was dry and shut...
GEORGIE FUCKED THAT ONE EYED SLUT!!!

Jack sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean,
So jack ignored her flabby tits,
AND LICKED HER ASSHOLE CLEAN!!!

16

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly,
Trying to stay alive.

The SAMs destroy your calm,
The MiGs come up to play,
What fun it is to strafe and bomb,
The P.R.V. today!

Chorus: CBUs, Mark 82s, Seven-fifties, too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Head's up Ho Chi Minh,
The Fives are on their way,
Your luck it has give in,
There's going to be hell to pay.

Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and stare,

What fun it is to watch things burn,
And blow up everywhere!

THE MARAUDER

The Marauder's a very fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin
Top speed well over three hundred
Especially when you're in a spin.

cho: Oh why did I join the Air Corps?
Mother, dear mother knew best
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage
Marauder all over my chest.

14

IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE

Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,
When you're flying the great B-1B.
I can't wait to strap on my Lancer,
She's one helluva mean gray machine.
To know her is to love her,
By God you know what I mean!
Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,
When you're flying the great B-1B.

We're proud to be the great Tigers,
We're the best and we just can't be beat.
Just ask Saddam and the Taliban,
They'll tell you we don't know defeat.
To know us is to love us,
To know every ounce of our worth.
Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,
When you know that you're bombin the earth.

CBUs, Mark 82s

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers]

Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a bone driver, handsome as he could be
He was the cause of all her misery!
CHORUS: Singing CBU's, Mark 82s
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a bomber
Like his daddy used to do!

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say:
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son

If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"
Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a aviator an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing CBU's, Mark 82s
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a bomber

17

Like her daddy used to do! **THE DYING AIRMAN**

A handsome young airman lay dying
And as on the airdrome he lay
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain;

The crankshaft out of my backbone
And assemble the engine again

THE COPILOT

I am a copilot, I sit on the right
I'm quick and courageous; I'm wonderfully bright
My job is remembering what the captain forgets
And I never talk back, so I have no regrets.

19

cho: I'm a lousy copilot and a long way from home.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear, drop it, and stand by to feather
I make out his mail forms, I hire his whores,
And I fly his old crate to the tune of his snores.

I make out the flight plan according to Hoyle
I take all the readings, I check on the oil,
I hustle him out for the midnight alarm
I fly through the fog while he sleeps on my arm.

I treat him to coffee, I keep him in cokes
I laugh at his corn and his horrible jokes
And once in a while, when his landings are rusty,
I come through with, "Yessiree captain, it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm commissioned a general stooge
I sit on the right of this high-flying Scrooge
Some day I'll make captain, and then I'll be blest,
I'll give my poor tongue one long hell of a rest

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy
The hair was all gone from her head

As I laid down there beside her
I knew right away I had sinned
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy
And sucked out the wad I shot in

20

Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in
Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in

My one skin lies over my two skin
My two skin lies over my three
My three skin lies over my foreskin
Oh, bring back my foreskin to me

Bring back, bring back
Oh, bring back my foreskin to me
Bring back, bring back
Oh, bring back my foreskin to me

*Bombing is often called "strategic" when we hit the enemy,
and "tactical" when he hits us, and it is often difficult to know
where one finishes and the other begins.*

*Air Vice-Marshall Johnnie Johnson
RAF*

Patty cake, patty cake, baker man
If your chicks on her period,
FUCK HER IN THE CAN!!!

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
That's more than my wife does,
THAT FAT, FUCKING SMELLY BABOON!!!

Little Bo Peep, fucked all her sheep,
Blew, a horse, licked his feet,
She ate his ass so very nice,
TOUNGUED HIS BALLS NOT ONCE, BUT TWICE!!!

18

Eenie meenie miney moe,
SUCK MY DICK AND SWALLOW SLOW!!!

Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder where you are,
Shine upon my parking lot,
AS I EAT MY GIRLFRIENDS TWAT!!!

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner, eating a pizza pie,
He blew his friend Tony, shit pepperoni,
AND WIPED HIS MOUTH WITH HIS TIE!!!

Aggressiveness was fundamental to success in air-to-air
combat and if you ever caught a fighter pilot in a defensive
mood, you had him licked before you even started shooting.

Capt David McCampbell, USN
Leading US Navy ace, WWII, 34 victories

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the world's champion farter
On the strength of one bean
He played "God Save the Queen"

And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made out of brass
When they swung together, they played stormy weather
And lightening shot out of his ass.

21

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born nine months to soon
He didn't have the luck to be born by a fuck
He was scraped off the sheets with a spoon.

There once was girl named Flo Varden
Who went down on a guy in the garden
He said "Listen Flo, where does all that stuff go?"
And she said, "[GULP] Beg pardon?"

There once was a man from Wheeling
Who pounded his pud with great feeling
And just like a trout, he'd stick his mouth out
And wait for the drops from the ceiling.

There once was a man from Brighton
Who said, "My dear you've a tight one"
She said, "Oh, my soul, you've got the wrong hole,
It's the one up front that's the right one."

There once was a boy from Baclaridge,
And was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother,
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was a pilot from K-2,
Who buggered a girl in Taegu.
He said to the Doc, as he handed him his cock,
Will I lose both my testicles, too?

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
With his hand on the butt of his madam.
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth,
There were only two balls and he had them.

23

There once was a man from Trieste,
Who loved his wife with zest.
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels,
And deposited the mess on her breasts.

There once was a man from Kildare,
Who buggered his girl on the stairs.
The banister broke, so he doubled the stroke,
And finished her off in midair.

There once was a man from St. James,
Who played most unusual games.



He lit a match to his grandmother's snatch,
And laughed as he pissed through the flames,

There once was a young Bishop from Birmingham,
Who diddled nuns while confirming 'em.
He brought them indoors, and slipped down their drawers,
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

24

BONE DRIVERS EAT PUSSY

(Cielito Lindo)

CHORUS:

Oh, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye

- 1st- Bone Drivers eat PUSSY!!!
- 2nd- Your mother swims out to meet troop ships
- 3rd- Your sister sucks bat shit off cave walls
- 4th- Your grandmother douches with Drano
- 5th- Your grandmother licks moose come off pinecones
- 6th- Your mother does squat thrusts on fire plugs
- 7th- Your father refills cream donuts
- 8th- Your mother goes down on Iraqis
- 9th- Your brother beats off in confession
- 10th- Your cousin just butt-fucked a collie
- 11th- Your mother sucks farts from dead seagulls
- 12th- Your sister blows goats for a quarter
- 13th- Your uncle eats lunch at the sperm bank
- 14th- Your sister's best friend is a carrot
- 15th- Your sister gives hand jobs to camels
- 16th- You can't say FUCK at the O'Club

*So sing me another verse,
That's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around by my Willy!*

(Verses)

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin.

There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his ball hung out and he lost them

There was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin,
If my ear were a cunt, I would fuck it.

22

There once was a young man from Kent,
Whose dick was so long it was bent.
To stay out of trouble, he stuck it in double,
Instead of coming, he went.

There once was a young girl named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina in South Carolina,
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There was a professor from the Mall,
Who possessed a hexahydrogen ball.
The square root of it's weight, plus his pecker times eight,
Was four-fifths of five-eighths of fuck all.

There once was girl from France,
Who boarded a train by chance.
The engineer fucked her, so'd the conductor,
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick,
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail,
Between her tits was the price of her tail.
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Brialle.

There once was a young man from Dakota,
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her.
So with great savoir faire, she climbed on a chair,
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

25

There once was a pilot named Paul,
Who's cock was the longest of all.
This appendage of his got him into showbiz,
With a royal performance on call.

Now Paul found there's trouble in fame,
Every whore in the ville knew his name.
And their unhidden fear, of his fantastic gear,
Put a halt to old Paul's favorite game.

Now in hopes of relief to Seoul he went,
Our pilot Paul, with his dick bent.
And though folded in half, the whores still feared his shaft,
'Cause the bend in his tool made a dent.

In Pusan, with a girl to his taste,
Paul dropped his drawers and entered in haste.
But he didn't unfold when he entered her hole,
And he spilled his whole WAD, "what a waste."

There once was a Captain named Tuck,
Who went to the ville for a fuck.
He spread open her legs, found ten cockroach eggs,
Three boogers, some scabs, and green muck.

Now later when Tuck wiped his chin,
He smiled and said with a grin.
"Didn't take her to heart till she sprayed our a fart,
That tasted like birdshit and gin."

A combat pilot named Tucker,
Said, while instructing a novice cocksucker.
Don't puff 'em out like you're blowing your snout,
Be gentle and work with a pucker.

27

Oh, the Romans had great spacious halls,
In which they geld great sexual brawls.
Which would last, so they say, for a week and a day,
There's no doubt those bastards had balls.

There once was a pilot from the sticks,
Who didn't like cunts, only dicks.
He told MPC, "find a place for me",
Now he's one of the boys who checks six.

There once was a man from Vancouver,
Who thought he knew every maneuver.
'Till a girl from Van Nuys gave him a rise,
With the aid of a portable Hoover.

A handsome young plumber named McGee,
Was plumbing his girl by the sea.
When all of a sudden, she said, "Quick, someone's coming",
Tee Hee, said McGee, It's me.

There was a young lady from Wheeling,
Who had a peculiar feeling.
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack,
And pissed all over the ceiling.

You fight like you train.

*Lt Cmdr Randy Cunningham, USN
Vietnam Ace*

There once was young girl from Peru,
Who said as the Bishop withdrew.
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick,er,
And he's considerably thicker than you.

28

There was a young lass named Alice,
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice.
It was not from relief, as was the belief,
But purely from Protestant malice.

There once was a young girl named Myrtle,
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle.
The result of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck,
Which proved the turtle was fertile.

There once was a young girl from the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores.
The dogs in the street, wouldn't eat the green meat,
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a young couple named Kelly,
Who used Vaseline petroleum jelly.
But once in their haste, they used library paste,
And now they're stuck belly to belly.

There once was a pirate named Bates,
Who was learning to rumba on skates.
He fell on his Cutlass, rendering him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

There was a young lady named Esther,
Who said to the man who undressed her.
"If you don't mind, use the hole from behind,
The one in front is beginning to fester."

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot, (PTOOEY)
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot, (PTOOEY)
Coming for to carry me home.

26

I looked over Jordan and what did I see, (PTOOEY)
Coming for to carry me home.
A band of angels (PTOOEY) coming after me, (PTOOEY)
Coming for to carry me home.

1 st Rendition -	Sung with gestures
2 nd Rendition -	Underwater
3 rd Rendition -	Comm Out
Other possibilities -	Hum, Rap, ...

DEAR MOM

Dear mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mihn's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
MMM, MMM, MMM

He went across the fence to see what he could see.
And there it was, as plain as it could be.
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.
MMM, MMM, MMM

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call.
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."
DASC said "That's all right, I'll send you BOLAR flight."
FOR I AM THE POWER!

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

Clang, Clang
Bang, Bang... And the goddamn fire went out.
Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To ride on a fire engine red.
To say to a team of white horses,
GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD, GIVE ME HEAD....

29

My father was a fireman, he puts out fires
My brother was a fireman, he puts out fires
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal, she puts out – too.

My father was a taxicab driver, he goes downtown
My brother was a taxicab driver, he goes downtown
My sister Sal is a taxicab driver's gal, she goes down – too.

My father was a telephone repairman, he climbs up poles
My brother was a telephone repairman, he climbs up poles
My sister Sal is a telephone repairman's gal, she climbs poles –
too

My father was a horticulturist, he pulls up roots
My bother was a horticulturist, he pulls up roots
My sister Sal is a horticulturist's gal, he pulls roots – too.

My father was an anesthesiologist, he passes gas
My brother was an anesthesiologist, he passes gas
My sister Sal was an anesthesiologist's gal, she farts a lot.

My father was an B-1 driver, he drives Hogs
My brother was an B-1 driver, he drives Hogs
My sister Sal was an B-1 driver's gal, she rides bone – too.

THE COPE NORTH RODEO SONG

(Tune – You Piss Me Off)

Oh, it's 40 below, and it don't mean a thing
I got heaters on my wing, and I'm off to the RODEO!

CHORUS:

*Lead break left, Two's lost sight
Com'on ya fucking dummy, get your right nine right.
Stay on my wing, you God Damn dude, ya know...
You piss me off, you fucking jerk, You get on my nerves!*

31

Oh, I'm ten from the merge, and my radar's a mort
I don't have a sort, and I'm off to the RODEO
(Chorus)

Well, the hell with a heater, Gonna have some fun
I'm closing for guns, and I'm off to the RODEO
(Chorus)

Well, here comes a Panther pilot with his pecker in his hand
He's a one balled man, and he's off to the RODEO!

Final Chorus:

*Tally three, save a VIPER for me
Com'on, ya little fucker, let me see 9 G's
I call a kill, you don't kill remove ya know...
You piss me off, You fucking jerk, You get on my nerves!*

*Only the spirit of attack, born in a brave heart, will bring
success to any aircraft, no matter how highly developed it may
be.*

Lt Gen Adolf Galland

The fighters checked right in, BOLARS two by two.
Low on gas, and the tanker overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark, just where that truck was parked.
MMM, MMM, MMM

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,

Exactly where that truck was parked.
But the rest is in doubt, 'cause he never pulled out.
MMM, MMM, MMM

(With Reverence)

Dear mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mihn's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!

32

How did he go/ STRAIGHT IN!!
What was he doing? ONE SIXTY NINE!!
Hell of a deal. WHOEEE!!

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit.
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your mother's tit.
We're the BEST COMBAT SQUADRON, all the others suck!!
Tiger, Tiger, Tiger--- RAH RAH FUCK!!

*Nothing makes a man more aware of his capabilities and of his
limitations than those moments when he must push aside all
the familiar defenses of ego and vanity, and accept reality by
staring, with the fear that is normal to man in combat, into the
face of death.*

*Major Robert Johnson, USAAF
WW II (27kills)*

THE WILD WEST SHOW

*"GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
WELCOME TO THE WILD WEST SHOW!!"*

CHORUS: *Oh, we're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and kangaroos
No matter what the weather, as long as we're*

Together
We're off to see the Wild West Show!
(sung after every verse)

INTRO: Tonight, for you we have the most fantastic, incredible circus acts ever seen before the eyes of man on the face of this earth. AND NOW IN THIS CORNER WE HAVE THE FAMOUS.....

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RESPONSE: FASTASTIC, INCREDIBLE, TELL US ABOUT THE MOTHERFUCKER!!

INTRO: ...KI, KI, KI, KI BIRD

RESPONSE: The Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along at 21,500' looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings and starts down in a precise 75 degree dive. Down he goes gaining speed -- 18,000' -- 10,000' -- His vision begins to blur from the wind blast -- 7000' -- faster and faster -- 3000' -- 1500' -- 500' -- He starts to pull out -- 100' -- 50' -- he puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and says -- **Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Krist that was close!**

INTRO: Lulu the Tattooed Lady's Sister

RESPONSE: Lulu the Tattooed Lady's sister is a very strange woman indeed. She has "Merry Christmas" tattooed on one thigh and "Happy New Years" tattooed on the other thigh. Then she says "Why don't all you Bone Drivers come see me between the holidays!"

INTRO: The Pfffft Bird

RESPONSE: The Pfffft Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three foot long right wing and a four foot long left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles until he flies up his own asshole and goes "Pfffft!"

INTRO: The Oooh-Aaah Bird

RESPONSE: The Oooh-Aaah Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He's a bird with a four foot long scrotum and

only three foot long legs. When he comes in for landing, he goes "Oooh, Oooh, Aaaaaaaaaahhh!"

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INTRO: The Boom Rat-Tat-Tat Bird

RESPONSE: The Boom Rat-Tat-tat Bird is a very close cousin of the Oooh-Aaah Bird. It also has a four foot long scrotum and only three foot long legs. But he lives on corrugated roofs, and when he comes in for a landing, his balls go "Boom Rat-Tat-Tat!"

INTRO: The Tight Skinned Owl

RESPONSE: The tight skinned owl is a very strange bird indeed. His skin is so tight that when he blinks he masturbates. Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes!

INTRO: The Peanut Butter Lady

RESPONSE: The Peanut Butter Lady is a very strange human indeed. She's the only lady around that when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth!

INTRO: The Drunken Giraffe

RESPONSE: The drunken Giraffe is a strange LONG legged creature who walks into the *Dog and Pony* and tells all the Bone Drivers, "Gang, the HIGH BALLS are on me!"

INTRO: The Dentist

RESPONSE: The dentist is a very strange creature indeed. He's the only guy around that gets to put his "tool" in your mouth!

INTRO: The Perverted Convertible

RESPONSE: The Perverted Convertible is a strange car-like aberrations that seats TWO in the front seat and SIXTY-NINE in the back seat!

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I'd hate to see an epitaph that on a Combat Aviator's tombstone that says. 'I told you I needed training.' ...How do you train for the most dangerous game in the world by being as safe as possible? When you don't let a guy train because it's dangerous, you're saying, 'Go fight those lions in the arena with your bare hands, because we can't teach you to use a spear. If we do, you might cut your finger while learning.' And that's just about the same as murder.

Col. "Boots" Boothby, USAF

There is a peculiar gratification in receiving congratulations from one's Sq for a victory in the air. It is worth more to the pilot than the applause of the whole outside world. It means that one has won the confidence of the men who share the misgivings, the trials and the dangers of aeroplane fighting.

Capt Edward V. "Eddie" Rickenbacker, USAS

INTRO: ...Fukawi Tribe

RESPONSE: the Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of three foot tall pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass. They spend their whole life wandering around saying "**Where the fuck are we, where the fuck are we?**"

INTRO: ...Lulu the Tattooed Lady

RESPONSE: Lulu the tattooed lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a "W" tattooed on her left cheek and she has a "W" tattooed on her right cheek. When she does cartwheels, she spells **WOW MOM, WOW MOM.**

INTRO: ...MATHEMATICAL IMPOSSIBILITY

RESPONSE: The Mathematical Impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl who was eight (ate) before she was seven.

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INTRO: SHOE CLERK

RESPONSE: The shoe clerk is a very strange human-like animal indeed. He's the only animal known that can be thrown into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb.

INTRO: The O-Rang-A-Tang

RESPONSE: The O-Rang-A-Tang is a strange ape-like creature. His balls hang so low that when he swings from tree to tree they go O-Rang-A-Tang, O-Rang-A-Tang

INTRO: The Female Horny Bird

RESPONSE: The female horny bird can be distinguished by her cry "Wantsome, Wantsome!!" and the MALE horny bird by his cry "Hereit-tis, Hereit-tis!!"

YO-HO (WSO's LAMENT)

(When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again)

Oh, gather around and I'll tell you a tale, YO-HO, YO-HO,
Oh, gather around and I'll tell you a tale, YO-HO, YO-HO,
Oh, gather around and I'll tell you a tale,
about a girl we did from Yale,
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my hand upon her toe, YO-HO, YO-HO,

I put my hand upon her toe, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her toe, she said,
 “Hey WSO, You’re way to fucking low!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my hand upon her shin, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her shin, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her shin, she said,

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 “Hey WSO you’re making me grin!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my hand upon her calf, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her calf, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her calf, she said,
 “Hey WSO, you’re making me laugh!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my hand upon her knee, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her knee, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her knee, she said,
 “Hey WSO, you’re teasing me!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my cock into her mouth, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock into her mouth, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock into her mouth, she said,
 “AAAAAUGH, MMMMMPH, THHHPT!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my hand upon her tit, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her tit, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her tit, she said,

 “Hey WSO, you’re squeezin’ it!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my hand upon her twat, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her twat, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her twat, she said,
 “Hey WSO, you’re makin’ me hot!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

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I put my hand upon her clit, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her clit, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her clit, she said,
 “Hey WSO, you finally found it!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my cock into her butt, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock into her butt, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock into her butt, she said,
 “Hey WSO, you know I’m a slut!”
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

Oh, now she lies in a pinewood box, YO-HO, YO-HO,
Oh, now she lies in a pinewood box, YO-HO, YO-HO,
Oh, now she lies in a pinewood box, from sucking
 To many WSO COCKS!!!!
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

We dig her up every now and again, YO-HO, YO-HO,
We dig her up every now and again, YO-HO, YO-HO,
We dig her up every now and again, she did
 Us before and she’ll do us again!!!
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
 YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

We dig her up every once in a while, YO-HO, YO-HO,
We dig her up every once in a while, YO-HO, YO-HO,
We dig her up every once in a while, to get a good
Look at her vertical smile!
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

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Oh, now she lies in a refrigerator, YO-HO, YO-HO,
Oh, now she lies in a refrigerator, YO-HO, YO-HO,
Oh, now she lies in a refrigerator,
_____fucked her, and _____ ate her!!!!

Tactics are subjective. If you do all your tactics right and you die; your tactics sucked. If you do nothing and live; you are a tactics god.

*Capt Jeff "AXL" Hoyt
Bone Driver*

I put my hand upon her thigh, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her thigh, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her thigh, she said,
"Hey WSO, you're making me high!"
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my hand upon her zit, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her zit, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my hand upon her zit, she said,
"Hey WSO, that ain't my tit!"
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my cock into her eye, YO-HO, YO-HO,

I put my cock into her eye, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock into her eye, she said,
"Hey WSO, you're way too high!"
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my cock into her ear, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock into her ear, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock into her ear, she said,
"Hey WSO, you're nowhere near!"
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

I put my cock upon her chin, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock upon her chin, YO-HO, YO-HO,
I put my cock upon her chin, she said,
"Hey WSO, please stick it in!"
Get it in, get it out, quick fucking about,
YO-HO, YO-HO, YO-HO!

ENGLANDIED (MARCH AGAINST ENGLAND)

Heute wollen wit ien Liedlein singen,
Trinken wollen wir den Kuhlen Wein,
Und die Glaser sollen dazu klingen,
Denn is muss geschieden sien.

Gib mir deine hand, deine weisse hand,
Leb wohl, mein Schatz,
Leb wohl, mein Schatz, Leb wohl, Leb wohl.
Denn wir fahren, denn wir fahren,
Denn wir fahren gegen Engeland, Engeland.

Unsere Flagge, und die wehet auf dem Maste,
Sie verkundst unsere Rieches Macht,
Den wir wollen es nicht langer leiden,
Das der Englischumann daruber lacht.

Kommit dir Kunde, dass ich bin gefallen,
Dass ich schlafe, in der Meeresflut,
Weine nicht im mich, mein Schatz, und denke,
Für das Vaterland, da floss sein Blut.

*MARCH AGAINST ENGLAND
WIR FLIEGEN GEGEN ENGLAND*

The flag flies high on the masthead,
We'll fight for the freedom of the Reich!
SEIG HEIL!

No longer shall we tremble, at England's military might.

So give me your hand fraulein,
Your lily white hand fraulein,
For tonight we fly against England,
England, England's island shores, island shores, island shores,

Monday, we're drinking at KING GEORGE's
Tuesday, we're sippin' at the PALMS.
Wednesday, if we feel, we're at the WAGAON SHEEL,
Thursday, we just get drunk at home.
Friday, we're poundin' at the O'Club,
Saturday, Martinis by the pool (ooooooooo OOOOOOOOH)
And Sunday we will render, with tequila and a blender,
Margaritas that could kill a FUCKING mule....
(JOE-CUER-VO)

I don't want to join the Navy, I don't want to sail the seven seas.
I'd rather fly a jet, and FUCK a tall brunette,
Drinking up my fill of good Scotch Whiskey.
I don't want seamen in my quarter, I don't want my cock to rot
away,
I'd rather be in England, in merry, merry England,
And FORNIFICATE my FUCKING life away... Oh Bimey!

I don't want to join the Army, I don't want to march and drill.
I'd rather hang around, in a pub downtown,

Drinking ale from a half-yard tankard,
I don't want a bomb to fall on me, I don't want spellation of the
head (CRANIUM)
I'd rather be in England, in merry, merry England,
And drink GLENLIVIT 'till I'm FUCKING dead, Oh Blimey!

*Nothing makes a man more aware of his capabilities and his
limitations than those moments when he must push aside all
the familiar defenses of ego and vanity and accept reality by
staring, with the fear that is normal to a man in combat, into
the face of Death.*

*Major Robert S. Johnson, USAAF
27 victories, WWII*

THE HIGHLAND BALL or THE SCOTCH WEDDING SONG

*CHORUS: (sung after every verse)
Balls to your partner, ass against the wall.
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.*

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the bedroom, explaining to the bride,
That the penis, not the scrotum, is the part that goes inside.

Oh, the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front,
A wreath of roses around her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Oh, the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits,
Diving off the mantelpiece and landing on her tits.

Oh, the village craftsman he was there, his hammer and his awls,

Talking to the Queen and showing off his balls.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks,
Some couldn't hear the music from the pounding of the pricks.

They were fucking in the barely, fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpets for the cum and pubic hairs.

The village economist he was there, pecker in his hand,
waiting for the moment when supply would meet demand.

Little Joseph he was there, the leader of the choir,
he kicked the boys in the balls to make their voices higher

A pregnant woman she was there, oh how her belly hung,
and everytime you ate her out a hand would grab your tongue

The village prostitute she was there, lying on the floor,
Everytime she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

Four & twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
and when the ball was over, there were four & twenty less.

Four & twenty prostitutes came up from Glockamore,
and when the ball was over they were all of them double bored.

SIEG HEIL!!

And if I die in battle, and sink to the bottom of the sea,
SPLASH, SPLASH!!
Remember this my fraulein, my life I gave for thee.

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR

(Tune – Picadilly Underground)

I don't want to join the Air Force,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hand around PICADILLY UNDERGROUND,
Living off the earning of a high class lady,
I don't want to take it up the asshole,
I don't want my body shot away,
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England,
And FORNIFICATE my FUCKING life away... Oh Blimey!

Monday, I touched her ankle,
Tuesday, I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday I confess, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I just MASTERBATED,
Friday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday she gave my balls a tweak (TWEAK, TWEAK)
And Sunday after supper, I rammed my fucker up her
And now I get it seven days a week.

I don't want to go to Saudi, I don't want to fly from Daharan.
I'd rather cop a feel down at the WAGON WHEEL,
Getting really loaded on a cold draft beer,
I don't mind fightin' for my country,
I don't even mind the little flak. (FLAK, FLAK)
But when I fly my AARDVARK down through
HAPPY FUCKIN VALLEY,
I'd better have a beer when I get back!
(BUD-WEI-SER)

Little Tommy, he was there, but he was only eight,
He was too young to join in the fun, so he had to masturbate.

First lady forward, and the second lady back,
The third lady's fingers' up the fourth lady's crack.

The village cripple, he was there, he couldn't do much,
So, he lined them up against the wall and fucked 'em with his
crutch.

The village idiot, he was there, and in the corner he sat,

Amusin' himself and abusin' himself, and catching it in his hat.

The village blacksmith, he was there, with his ball of brass,
And every time he fucked a girl, sparks came out of his ass.

The village whore, she was there, sitting on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

Oh, the King was in the counting house, counting out his wealth,
The Queen was in her bedroom playing with herself.

Oh, the Duchess was in the parlor, eating bread and honey,
The Duke was in the chambermaid and she was in the money.

Oh, the pregnant lady, she was there, having lots of fun,
And every time you ate her out, a hand would grab your tongue.

The village teacher, she was there, she didn't bring her stick,
She wasn't much to look at, but she could surely suck a prick.
She stuck her ass against the wall and said, "Come one, come all"

Oh, the village postman, he was there, he had a dose of pox,
He couldn't get a woman, so he fucked a letter box.

Oh, the village butcher, he was there, a cleaver in his hand,
And every time he turned around, he circumcised a man.

Oh, the village hooker, she was there, swinging from the
chandelier,
Spewing her menstrual juices into everybody's beer.

Oh, little granny, she was there, sitting by the fire,
Knitting prophylactics out of BF Goodrich tires.

Oh, the village doctor, he was there, he had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances, he was sterilizing pricks.

The village blacksmith's wife was there, she wasn't a good deal,
For she had to go and piddle after every little feel.

Oh, the chicken choker, he was there, he thought himself a stud,
They caught him in the barnyard a' pulling on his pud.

There was fucking on the couches, fucking on the cots,
Lined up against the wall were rows of grinning twats.

In the morning early, the farmer neatly shat,
Twenty acres of his corn were fairly fucking flat.

They were fucking in the parlor, fucking on the stairs,
And when the banister broke, there was fucking in the air.

And when the party was over, they all went home to rest,
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

MANDATORY LAST VERSE

And when the ball was over, all that you could see,
Was four and twenty virgins, hangin' from a tree.

THE MOUSE

The liqueur was spilled on the barroom floor,
And the bar was closed for the night.

When out of his hole came a little brown mouse,
And sat in the pale moon light.

He lapped up the liqueur on the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat.

All night long you could hear him roar,
"BRING ON THE GODDAMNED CAT!! HIC! CAT! HIC!
CAT!"

If you ain't cheatin', you ain't tryin'!

Bone Driver Motto

GANG BANG SONG

KNOCK – KNOCK!!
WHO'S THERE? Anita....

(CHORUS)

I need a gang bang, I always will
'Cause a gang bang gives me such a thrill
When I was younger and in my prime
I used to gang bang all the time
But now I'm older and turning gray
I only gang bang once a day.

....Eisenhower
....Eisenhower late for the gang bang?

(CHORUS)

....Wilma
....Wilma finger do until I get a boner at the gang bang?

(CHORUS)

....Emma
....Emma come nice tits BITCH. Glad you brought 'em to the
gang bang....

(CHORUS)

....Karen
....I need a suck, I need a fuck, I ain't Karen 'cause it a gang
bang.

(CHORUS)

The old schoolmaster, he was there, he fucked by rule of thumb,
By logarithms he worked out the time it takes to cum.

Oh, the village vicar, he was there, dressed up in his purple
shroud,
Swinging from his chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

Oh, the parson's mom, she was there, she was best of all,

....Gladiator
....Gladiator out before the gang bang.

(CHORUS)

....Banana
....Banana na na na na

(CHORUS)

....Orange
....Orange you glad I didn't say Banananana na na na na...

(CHORUS)

....Reagan
....Reagan brought his own bush to the gang bang!

(CHORUS)

....Ben Hur
....Ben Hur over the couch and we'll fuck her in the ass, I need a
gang bang...

(CHORUS)

....Nixon
....Nixon on the blow job, I need a gang bang.

(CHORUS)

....Iris
....Iris she'd drop her panties at the gang bang.

“Fuck, Fight, or go for your Guns”
Joe Shit, the Rag Man

ALPHA ALERT SONG

(My Favorite Things)

45

Reading our porno and picking our asses
Checking our forms and passing our gasses
Silver sleek B-61's slung below
Nuclear War and we're ready to go

CHORUS: OOM-PAH PAH, OOM-PAH PAH, OOM-PAH
PAH

Lord Vader watching with all his storm troopers
Cut off your nuts if you answer with bloopers
Certing for him is like shaving with mace
If you screw up he'll rip off your face

(Chorus)

Scramble at midnight the engines are turning
Take off in shear fright, our stomachs are churning
Off to the orbit with eye patches on
Shields are all up and the curtains are drawn

(Chorus)

Leaving our orbits our pits start to sweat
We'll asshole those fuckers and that's a sure bet
Burn all those Russkies and cover 'em with dirt
That's why we love sitting Alpha Alert

(Chorus)

Fulcrums and Flankers and Fishbeds and Floggers
Goas and Gainfuls and BIG GODDAMN BOMBERS
Ganefs and Guidelines and Quad 23's
Thinking of these scares the shit out of me

(Chorus)

TF's on hard ride and 200 feet
Crossing the oceans, we've deadlines to meet
Over the mountains we're ready to go
Arming them up and they're all set to blow

(Chorus)

There is no merit in putting off a war for a year if, when it comes, it is a far worse war or one much harder to win.

Winston Churchill, 1948

You are only young once, but you can be immature all your life.

47

A Bone Driver

No MIG at all is better than a MIG at your "six".

Unknown Bone Driver

I know that auto-guns won't let me down.
But I've got no tally-ho,
And I don't know which way to go,
So I guess it's time to slow this mother down.
Hi-aspect at the pass,
First engagement and I'm outta gas,
When the throttle is placed up against the wall.
So I lie here on my back,
With my engine rolling back,
When my GCI controller says – ATOLL!

(Chorus)

48

I AM VIPER

(Tune – I am Woman)

I am Viper, hear me roar,
I am too small to ignore.
Paint me little, paint me tiny, paint me small.
I can sort and pick and choose,
But somehow I always lose.
I guess it's cause I've got no clue at all.
But they said in UPT that the Viper was for me;
That my hands were made of gold and couldn't fail.
My radar just went tits,
Oh My God, ain't this the shifts.
I've got Mudhens and Eagles on my tail.

CHORUS:

*Yes, I am wise but it's feeling from the pain.
Yes, I've paid the price but look at what I've gained.
If I had to, I can do anything,
I am small, I am invincible, I am Viper,
Watch me die!*

As I fly the speed of light,
Blowing both ways through the fight,

46

THE OLD DEPARTMENT STORE

I used to work in Chicago
In the old department store.
I used to work in Chicago,
I don't work there anymore.
A woman came in for a hammer, A hammer from the store. A
hammer she wanted, nailed she got, I don't work there anymore.
chorus
A woman came in for some nails, Nails from the store. Nails she
wanted, screwed she got, I don't work there anymore.
chorus
A woman came in for some paper, Paper from the store. Paper
she wanted, a ream she got, I don't work there anymore.

Extra Versus:

A screen door -- the back door Some Meat -- my sausage A
hammer -- banged A Carpet -- shagged A Fishing rod -- my rod
Some Beef -- porked A Camel -- humped A helicopter -- my
chopper A KitKat -- four fingers etc.
A woman come in for some paper!

Some jewelry from the store?

Jewelry she wanted, a pearl necklace she got!

Oohh! I don't work there anymore!

And similarly:

Carpet she wanted, shagged she got
Nail she wanted, screwed she got
Fishing rod she wanted, my pole she got
Meat she wanted, my sausage she got
Beef she wanted, porked she got
Helicopter she wanted, my chopper she got
Camel she wanted, humped she got
Translator she wanted, cunning linguist she got
Fuck she wanted, fuck she got

THE ALPHA MAN

(The Candy Man)

Who can make a sunrise
Sprinkle it with dust
Loose a million megatons
Turn your skin to crust

CHORUS:

*The Alpha Man can
The Alpha Man can
The Alpha Man can 'cause he dials up the yield
And makes the world glow*

Who can take tomorrow
Blow it all away
Send us to the Stone Age
In just a single day

(Chorus)

The Alpha Man makes
Everything he bakes
Crisp and black and unattractive
Desolate and quite inactive
And don't forget radioactive

Who can make a sunrise

Sprinkle EMP
Drop a silver bullet
And don't wait to see

(Chorus)

CHORUS

Dear Saddam Hussein
You are an asshole
You'd fuck all Islam
To reach your own goal
You may think you're shit hot
But we know the score
Your father fucks goats
And your mother's a whore!

CHORUS

Even a Weak Dick at six o'clock is dangerous.

Anonymous

*You can shoot down all the MiGs you want, but if you return
to base and the lead Soviet tank commander is eating
breakfast in your snack bar – Jack, you've lost the war.*

A-10 pilot's motto, Nellis AFB

Fill it up, asshole, or I'll blow your shit away!

F-4 Driver, SEA

51

YOU CAN'T SAY SHIT-HOT

You can't say "Shit-Hot" in the Officers Club,
You can't say, "Hey, show us your tits!"
The bullshit is getting so deep here, it's up to my fucking armpits.
Fuck off, fuck off, club manager, fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off, club manager, fuck off, fuck off



A CLEAN SONG

"Sure mister, we'll leave, but first can we sing just one more song"

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb
Mary had a little lamb, whose fleece was white as snow
It followed her to school one day, school one day, school
one day.
It followed her to school one day,
AND A BIG BLACK DOG FUCKED IT!!!!



I'M AN ASSHOLE

I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole,
I'm an asshole, yes I am;
But I'd rather be an asshole,
Than to fly the F-16

52

THE SADDAM HUSSEIN SONG

(Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

We see the plot thicken
We know what's in store
Your country wants trouble
It's begging for more
You say that you'll bring them
True grace from Islam
But the Air Force will bring on
The first load of bombs

CHORUS:

So it's rags, rags, rags on our head
Rags, rags, rags o-o-o-o-n your head
So it's rags, rags, rags on your head
Tomorrow you'll wake up and find yourself dead!

Dear Iraqi people
We'll bring you some food
Some curry and goat meat
It will be so good
So fix up some kebabs
And hope for the best
We'll bring the napalm
And cook up the rest.

CHORUS

You pompous old faggot
You cant get it up
So drop your beret
And take a big suck
You impotent bastard
You'll be on the run
When we roll in tracking
And lazing for fun

50

TRACKING KILL

(Tune: Cover of the Rolling Stone)

Well, we're Eagle drivers, we ain't 9 to 5'ers, we're the best that's ever been.
Well, we shoot'em in the face, 'cause that's the very best place to kill and live
to fight again.
Yeah, we shoot'em in the face, 'cause that's the real neat place, and it gives us
quite a thrill.
But the thrill that'll get ya, is when you set your pipper, and make a guns
tracking kill!

Chorus

TRACING KILL....

Wanna see you in my pipper.

KILL....

Gonna show the film to your sister

KILL....

Gonna make you a great big star in the movies of a tracking kill!

We wear go fast pants, and snappy hard hats, and fly off to shoot down planes
Well we get our kicks ripping off their lips, gunning out the bad guys brains
Yeah, the Aim-9L, it's really swell, but the thing that'll make your day,
Is to place your sights, till it feels just right, and blow a MiG's shit away!

(Chorus)

We've paid our dues, got a bag of clues, the job's really lot's of fun.
Well, we never tire of our hair on fire, and killing people with our gun.
Yeah, the Strike Eagle jet is the best you can get, the world's greatest fighting
Machine.
To the men that fly her, you can get no higher, than the McDonnells's mighty
F-15E

(Chorus)

*A Bone Driver is not drunk if he can hold on to a single blade
of grass with his lips and not fall off the face of the earth.*

Anonymous

53

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

(The Froggy Went a Courtin')

An airman told me before he died,
Oh rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.
An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that bastard lied.
Oh rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.
Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide...
That she could not be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel...
With two brass balls and a prick of steel.

The two brass balls were filled with cream...
The whole damn thing was run by steam.

He laid his wife upon their bed...
And tied her legs behind her head.

'Round and 'Round went the bloody great wheel...
And in and out went the prick of steel.

Higher and higher went the level of steam...
Lower and lower went the level of cream.

It fucked his wife until she cried...
"Enough, enough I'm satisfied"

And now we come to the tragic bit...

There was no way of stopping it.

It ripped his wife from ass to tit...
The whole damn room was filled with shit.

Now we come to the part that's grim...
It jumped off her and onto him.
Nine months later a child was bred...
With two brass ball and a bloody great head!

55

THE MUSIC MAN

LEADER: I am the music man, and I come from down the
way
And I can P-L-A-Y...

CHORUS: What can you P-L-A-Y?

LEADER: I can play the B-1 pilot.

CHORUS: Fuckin' A, My wings won't work, won't work,
won't work

VERSES:

A-10 Pilot..... Leavin' today, get there next week
F-14 Pilot..... My pussy hurts, Tailhook, tailhook
F-15 Pilot..... I lost sight, lost sight, lost sight
F-16 Pilot..... I blacked out
Fishbed Pilot..... Outta gas, Outta gas
Flanker Pilot..... My Wanker's on fire
Shithouse door..... Banga, banga, banga, banga
Michael Jackson..... My hair's on fire
Sperm whale..... Spew some beer

*Performance means initiative – the most valuable moral and
practical asset in any form of war.*

Major Sholto Douglas, RAF

*A man's flying ability may be perfect, he may be able to
control his machine and handle it like no one else on earth, but
if he goes into a fight and risks his life many time to get to the
right position for good shot and then upon arriving there,
cannot hit his mark, he is useless.*

Billy Bishop

56

BEASTIALITY

(Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

Beastiality's great mate, beastiality's great! (Fuck a wallaby)
Beastiality's great mate, beastiality's great!

Shove you log in a dog mate, shove your log in a dog! (Fuck a wallaby)
Shove you log in a dog mate, shove your log in a dog!

CHORUS

69 with a porcupine mate, 69 with a porcupine (Fuck a wallaby)
69 with a porcupine mate, 69 with a porcupine
CHORUS

Shoot your load in a toad, mate...
Blow your go in a roo, mate...
Have a fuck with a duck, mate...
Get some tail from a whale, mate...
Shoot your sperm in a worm, mate...
Stick your cock in a croc, mate...

INCESTUALITY

CHORUS
Incestuality's great mate, Incestuality's great (Fuck a relative)
Incestuality's great mate, Incestuality's great

Shoot your spunk in an Unc, mate...
Take a piss in your sis, mate...
Get a blow from your bro, mate...

Get a piece from your niece, mate...
Blow your top in your pop, mate...
Nail your granny in the fanny, mate...
In the bum of your mum, mate...

Months of preparation, opportunity, and the judgement of a split second are what make some pilots an ace, while others think back on what might have been.

*Colonel Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, USMC
28 victories, WWII*

54

BULLCOG ON THE BANK

Oh the bulldog on the bank, and the bullfrog in the pool,
Oh the bulldog on the bank, and the bullfrog in the pool,
Oh the bulldog on the bank, and the bullfrog in the pool.
Oh the bulldog called the bullfrog a green ol' water fool.

Singing (Yodel) idle, idle, idley ideooo
Singing (Yodel) idle, idle, idley ideooo
Singing (Yodel) idle, idle, idley ideooo

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, little Moses in the pool.
She fished him out with a telegraph pole and sent him off to school

Singing (Yodel) idle, idle, idley ideooo
Singing (Yodel) idle, idle, idley ideooo
Singing (Yodel) idle, idle, idley ideooo

MARY JO KAPECKNE

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe, Mary Jo Kapeckne.
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a thousand crabs abounding from your pussy.
You're the ugliest fuckin' bitch I've ever seen.

There's a pound of lint protruding from your navel.
When you piss, you piss a stream of grass.
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle.
So please make one now and shove it up you ass.

The fighter pilots have to rove their assigned area in any way they like, and when they spot an enemy, they attack and shoot him down – anything else is rubbish.

Baron Manred Von Richtoffen

57

If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the blue.
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,
We'll be their, followed by more.
In echelon, we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the **U.S. Air Force!**

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT

(Tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death, who lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded, and those days are long gone
by
The Air Force's gone to hell!

CHORUS

*Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them; the Air Force's gone to hell!*

A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong
They went about their business amongst adoring throngs
But now it's only memory; it only lives in song.
The Air Force's gone to hell!

I have seen them in their Thunderbolts, their eyes were dancing
flame.

I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's
name.
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame.
Their spirit's shot to hell!

They flew their rugged Mustangs through a living hell of flak.
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back.
But now they play ping-pong in the operations shack.
Their technique's gone to hell

59

The lordly Flying Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue.
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew.
And we can't fly for hell!

You heard your pounding fifties blaze from polished wings of
steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel.
But now the L-5 charms you with it's moaning, groaning, squeal,
And it won't climb for hell!

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin?
Have you ever stuck her long nose downward, just to hear the
screaming din?
Have you tried to do it lately, better not – you'll auger in.
And then you'll sure catch hell!

Hap Arnold build a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong.
But now were closely supervised for fear we may do wrong.
The Air Force's gone to hell!

We were cocky, bold, and happy when we played the angel's
game
We split the blue with buzzing, and we rolled our way to fame.
But now that's all verboten and we're all so goddamned tame.
Our spirit's shot to hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap.
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that.
Or you will burn in hell!

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old,
When pilots took choice of being old or young and bold.
Alas, I have no choice and will live to be quite old.
The Air Force's gone to hell!

60

OLD STANDARDS

THE AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high, into the sun.
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the **U.S Air Force**.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast,
The vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother, men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast,
The **U.S. Air Force**

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,

How they lived, God only knew!
Souls of men, dreaming of skies to conquer,
Gave us wings, ever to soar!
With fighters before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the **U.S. Air Force**.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.

58

But smile awhile my pilots, though your eyes may still be wet.
Someday we'll meet in heaven, where the rules have not been set.
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really --
The Air Force flies like hell!!

CHORUS:

*Glory flying regulations, have them shred at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one and let us fly like HELL!!*

AIR FORCE HYMN

(Tune: Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Thro' the great spaces of the sky
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storms or sunshine air

Thou who doth keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand

Aloft in solitude of space
Uphold them with Thy saving grace
O God, protect the men that fly
Thro' lonely ways beneath the sky

MiGs and beers were born to be pounded!

Capt "Tunes" Theobald, USAF

61

THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying,
And as on the airdrome he lay,
To the mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:

“Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crankshaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again!”

NAPE

(Tune: Tea for Two)

Nape is great, so hit my grids.
It burns, it bakes, it sticks to kids.
Nape is great, so drop it on their heads.
And make their eyes pop out!

When you drop a can or two.
It burns, it bakes, it sticks like glue.
Nape is great, so drop it on their heads.

And make their eyes pop out!

An excellent weapon and luck had been on my side. To be successful, the best pilot needs both.

*Lt General Adolf Galland
104 victories, WWII*

63

MY WAY

And now, the end is near, and so I face the final curtain,
I lost my outboard tanks, my guns, my bombs, my wings, I'm
certain.

I planned the mission well, I briefed to fly right down the
highway,

I armed it up and pickled once, and did it my way.

Regrets, I have a few, they disapproved my last extension,
They've cast a jaundiced eye upon the need for my retention.
I flew the day before, I logged my time, not in a shy way,
I guess I should have logged much more, but I did it my way.

Well, there were times, I'm sure you knew,
When you were good, but I was too,
The scores come back, you had your doubt,
I'd won it all, I'd cleaned you out,
Today that's changed

I missed the range,
But hit the highway.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried, I've had my fill, my share of
losing

And now they say I lied, but I don't care, it's so amusing.

My boss discussed the flight, each detailed step, along the byway,
And then he said, "Don't use your head, just do it my way"

But I've got to stand on my two feet,
So keep your kids off of the street.
I've got to fly, and fight, and sing,
To keep my cool and do my thing.
I'll cross the seas,

And even kill the trees

But I'll do it MY WAY

64

HAPPY LANDINGS 90th SQUADRON

(Cornell Alma Mater)

Flying low O're Verdun's trenches, midst the shot and shell.
A pair of dice our lucky emblem, give the huns more hell.
Tail's up and flying any weather, where're the call may be.
Happy landings 90th squadron, hail al hail to thee.

Far above the noise of battle, dodging Archie's fire.
Taking photos far in Hunland, that's our hearts desire
(Shout – LIKE HELL)

Tail's up and flying any weather, where're the call may be.
Happy landings 90th squadron, hail al hail to thee.

90th ties can ne'er be broken, wherever we may fly.
Friendships formed in the face of danger, they can never die.
Tail's up and flying any weather, where're the call may be.
Happy landings 90th squadron, hail al hail to thee.

Where're the coming day may find us, what'er the fates prevail.
Memories of our comrades bind us, and we'll never fail.
Tail's up and flying any weather, where're the call may be.
Happy landings 90th squadron, hail al hail to thee.

Turn to kill – not to engage!

Commander Willie P. "Willie" Driscoll, USN

*Tactics are like assholes, everyone has 'em and they all stink
but your own.*

*Capt Mike "Brewdog" Brewer, USAF
F-15E Pilot*

For it's not for glory that we tell our story
But to raise hell while we're, get a little wilder, raise hell while we're here

(Fight Song)

And we will drink, drink, drink to the (Squadron)
And we will raise our glasses high
And we will drink to our beloved Bomber **THE BONE!**
There is no better in the sky **IN THE SKY!**
Oh how we love to come in hard and low
There is no other we'd rather fly
And when the day is done we'll drink **JUST ONCE!**
To the Bone and the (Squadron)

62

THE BONE SQUADRON SONG (Waltz)

Back in '81 a man named Ronnie has some fun
He said build a bomber and I'll call it the B-1
Now the Cold War was ragin'
The Buff she was agin'
The King of the Bombers her day was almost done

In stepped Mr. Rockwell with a blueprint and a grin
He said give the word and Ronnie **TOLD HIM TO BEGIN**
So the (Sq callsign) started flyin'
The Commies started cryin'
So let's all

DRINK BEER – DRINK BEER – DRINK BEER

OH COME DRINK BEER WITH ME

**FOR I DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR ANY ONLD MAN WHO WON'T
DRINK BEER WITH ME!!**

(Drinking Tune)

Roll out that old metal keg with FUMU's head upon it

HEAD! WHO SAID HEAD?! I'LL TAKE SOME OF THAT!

Then we'll all have another glass of beer, **MORE BEER!**

65

LONG RANGE ACTIVE AMRAMM (Tune: Peaceful Easy Feeling)

I like the way the missile contrail streaks
Across the sky so blue
I shot that thing a few miles ago
It's already lookin' for you

CHORUS:

*'Cause I shot a long range active AMRAMM
And I know it won't let me down
'Cause I've already turned my jet around*

And I found out a long time ago
What a slammer can do to your soul
When it finds the MiG it's lookin' for
Next thing you know it's a smokin' hole

CHORUS

I get this feeling I should leave now
And leave it up to my little friend
My spikes no longer screamin' in both of my ears
That tells me I will never see you again

CHORUS

OOHH, OOHH
Smokin' Hole

Go in quickly – Punch hard – Get out!

Sailor Malan

67

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

CHORUS:

*Oh Hallelujah, throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass.
Oh Hallelujah, throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.*

It was midnight in Korea
And all the pilots were in bed.
When up stepped Colonel _____,
And this is what he said:
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all.
Pilots, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted **BALLS!**
When up stepped a young Lieutenant,
With a voice as harsh as brass
You can take those goddamned Sabre Jets and shove them up
your ass.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per,
There came a call from the Major, Oh, won't you save me, sir?
Got three big flack holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas,
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MiGs on my ass.

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
The airspeed read one-thirty, My God I racked it tight.
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground,
There came a call from tower, "Pull up and go around".
I racked that Sabre up in the air a dozen feet or more,
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

68

B-1 SHAKE THE GROUND

(Reggae Beat)

People of the land, they say that we are crazy,
Flying low and fast, in the mountains when it's hazy,
My reply to them, yes I'll repeat it once again,
When I'm flying low, I smile allot, no matter where or when!!

CHORUS:

*B-1 shake the ground,
It make big, big sound,
Everyone screaming and running around,
All fall down!*

(Repeat)

Ever since time began, God's been known to shake the land
He shake it high, he shake it low, he make the B-1 that we all
know,
And to those who complain the most; they do not laugh, they do
not boast;
They live on the land with no fun; while we **SHAKE** it in the
sun!

CHORUS

There are some who like to say, they'd fly a fighter any day;
They've got "Gs", we don't have those, we defy gravity with the
MANLY closed:

To those people I'm proud to say, I'd fly the B-1 any day;
The fighter goes round and round, ----

BUT THE B-1 SHAKES THE GROUND!!!

CHORUS

66

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too Goddamned low,
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go.
I sucked the stick back in my gut. I hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't wee my mother when the works done this fall.

The sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "skoshe ack ack",
But by the time I got there my wing was holed by flak.
By aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly,
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die.

I bailed out from my Sabre, my landing was top line,
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line.
When I opened up my ration, time to what was in it,
My Goddamned Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit,
For one can not get very far, on a ration tin of shit.
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly,
But I'll have quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch,
I looked down at my prop, My God, it's in high pitch.
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there.

Boys from the other group, they think they are so hot.
They brag about the Bluetails that they've so often shot.
One thing they don't remember, when they holler and hoot,
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home,
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam.
But the Colonels up at Ramstein, are planning on the sly,
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

69

RED RIVER RATS

(By Dick Jonas)

The Red River Rats meet again,
Telling tales, remembering again.
Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives.
The Red River Rats meet again.

War is never a beautiful thing,
But we fought for the right on the wing.
Dropping bombs, dodging flak, fighting MiGs, we'll be back.
Shout the Rat's battle cry, let it ring.

Sing the Red River Rats battle hymn,
Hold your head high, stand tall, your are men.
Never run from a fight, be prepared, day or night,
Sing the Red River Tats battle hymn.

Look around, there's a few empty chairs,
Honored comrades should be sitting there.
Some are dead where they fell, others fight on from a cell.
Charge your glasses, raise it high, drink to them.

Well, I'll tell you a tale that curl your hair.
I'll tell you the truth, 'cause I was there,
About what happened in Ho Chi Mihn's backyard.

Gyrene, sailor, and an Air Force type,
Black smoke pouring from a hot tailpipe,
Flying and fighting and living a life that's hard.

Black smoke, black smoke, red SAM fire,
Pressing your luck right down to the wire,
Pickle 'em off and boot that baby for home.

But the battle ain't over until you're parked in chalks,
So, if you fly and fight, keep your guns unlocked,
And don't try to fly and fight if you're all alone.

What's that telltale wisp I see,
That's a contrail caused by a Fishbed C.
The cards are stacked and it looks like time to deal.

Lead's got bandits twelve o'clock high,
Let's bend it around and scramble for sky.
Arm your guns, this ain't no game, it's real.

We flew the valley and the railroad lines,
From Dien Bien Phu to the Cam Pho mines.
But the price was high and measured in rich blood.

When tales are told in the hall of fame,
When warriors meet you'll hear these names,
Skyhawk, Crusader, Intruder, Phantom, Thud.

The Red River Rats meet again,
Telling tales, remembering again.
Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives.

The Red River Rats meet again.

I'D RATHER BE AN F-4 JOCK

(By Dick Jonas)

Well, I'd rather be an F-4 jock,
Than the governor of New York State.
Now, the Governor's got him a pretty good job,
And I suppose he thinks it's great.
But droppin' nape and strafin' trucks,
Are two things he don't know.
And I couldn't fill the Governor's shoes,
"Cause I couldn't spend all that dough.

72

I started my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down,
But when I pulled the gear up, the speedbrake scraped the
ground.
The General smiled at me, he thought it was great fun,
But then I met the FEB, Chitose here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast,
But when the war was over, we knew it wouldn't last.
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks,
Now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach,
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock.
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound,
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear,
I pulled up under Colonel _____, and I thought the end was
near.

I went before the FEB, and they gave me the works,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass to low,

There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you'll go".

I pulled that Sabre into the blue, she hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the works done this fall.

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer,
With pretzels in my whiskey, I knew the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst.
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

70

I'd rather be an F-4 jock,
Than the owner of old Fort Knox.
And I like the smell of JP-4,
Better than a Rosewood box.
Hydraulic fluid and afterburner fumes,
Just kind of turn me on.
Fella, I'm happier flying F-4Ds,
Than a hound dog gnawing a bone.

Well, I'd rather be an F-4 jock,
Than the Air Force Chief of Staff.
One good reason I ain't got the rank,
Right here you're supposed to laugh.
It's a lot more fun just droppin' bombs,
And hassling two on two.
So, I'll just stick to my gunnery range,
And flying the Phantom II.

Well, one of these days I'll light my fire,
And aim it straight at the sky.
And you'll hear me shout as I disappear,
That a Phantom is the way to fly.
I'll do a high speed pass by the Pearly Gates,

About one point six-five mach.
And I'll tell St. Peter, if he don't mind,
Just make me an F-4 jock.

Today airpower is the most dominant factor in war. It may not win a war by itself alone, but without it no major war can be won.

Adm Arthur Radford, USN (1954)

73

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings until I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly,
And they sent me here to die,
I've had a belly full of war.
You can save those Zeros for the goddamn heroes,
'Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses, -- Buster

CHORUS: *I wanted wings until I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.*

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
Air combat spelled romance, but it make me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
You can save the Messerschmidts
For the other sons of bitches.
'Cause I'd rather screw a woman than be shot down in a
Grumman
Buster, I wanted wings.

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager, not me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flattop
With my had around a bottle, not a goddamn throttle
Buster, I wanted wings.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me puke my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler "bombs away"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off,
That is when they shoot your ass off.

75

Oh I'd rather come home Buster, with my balls than with a
cluster,
Buster, I wanted wings.

I don't fly for fun in a P dash five crash one
Blazing a path for Patton's tanks
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance,
I'd rather go to Paris and spend francs.
In England it was the Blitz, and in France it's the
Messerschmidts,
Oh I feel like such a sucker when my ass starts to pucker,
Sucker, I wanted wings.

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow
Oh dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next? They'll be dehydrating sex,
And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through.
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of
powder,
Buster, I wanted wings.

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes,
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one
Oh, what I'd give to have a butt
Now the homefront may be pitchin', but I still will do my
bitchin'
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some
nookie,
Buster, I wanted wings.

There are only two types of aircraft – fighters and targets.

Major Doyle "Wahoo" Nicholson, USMC

76

SON OF SATAN'S ANGELS

(By Dick Jonas)

*CHORUS: I'm a Son of Satan's Angel's,
And I fly the F-4D.
All the way from the Hanoi railroad bridge,
To the DMZ.
I'm one of old Hoot Gibson's boys,
And Mean as I can be.
I'm a Son of Satan's Angels and I fly the F-4D.*

There ain't a triple gunner up there,
That's anywhere near my class.
"Cause I'm as mad as I can be,
And I'm in for one more pass.
He hosed me down one time too much,
And that one is his last.
And I looked back at where he was,
Hey man, ain't that a gas.

CHORUS

Hello Hanoi Hanna
Send your MiGs to meet their doom.
Fly'em up and blast 'em off,
Hoot's boys will be there soon.
I don't care if you are the gal,
With a mouthful of silver spoons.
'Cause I've got Sidewinders on board,
That'll home on an A/B plume.

CHORUS

Speed is life.

Israeli Air Force Tactics Manual

74

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

On top of the pop up, and flat on my back
I lost my poor wingman, in a big hail of flak
Guard channel was silent, the sites were all dead
Until we rolled in, and looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fire, the missiles flashed by
Sweet mother of Jesus, we're all going to die.
Number two called "I'm hit, I'm going to bust!"
Not one goddamned Elint a poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots, and listen to dad
Forget about jinking, and your ass has been had.
They'll hit you, they'll burn you, their flak reaches far
It's a long walk to Takhli, and a beer in the bar.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a Jolly Swagman camped by the Bill-Abong,
Under the shade of the Coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and he waited till his Billy boiled,
You'll come A-Waltzing Matilda with me.

*CHORUS: Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come A-Waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and he waited till his
Billy boiled,
You'll come A-Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Down came a jumpbuck to drink at the bill-abong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumpbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come A-Waltzing Matilda with me.

77

A squad of Cong lying in the grass.
But all the fightin's long since past,
Crispy critters in a mass,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm, son, is lots of fun,
Dropped in a bomb or shot from a fun,
It gets gooks when on the run,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop napalm on a farm,
It won't do them any harm,
Just burn off their legs and arms,
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire,
Montanyards around the fire,
Napalm makes the fire go higher,
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've been told it's not so neat,

To watch Gooks burning in the street,
But burning flesh smells so sweet,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Children sucking on a mother's tit,
Wounded gooks down in a pit,
DOW chemical don't give a shit,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Bombardiers don't care a bit,
Just as long as the pieces fit,
When you stuff the bodies in a pit,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a no-fire zone,
Books under arms and going home,
Last in line goes home alone,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chuck in a sampan, sittin' in the stern,
They don't think their boats will burn,
Those damn gooks will never learn,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,
Killing gooks is lots of fun,
Get one pregnant, it's two for one,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Shoot civilians where they sit,
Take some pictures as you split,
All your life you'll remember it,
Napalm sticks to kids.

NVA are all hard core,

Fleschettes are never a bore,
Throw those psyops out the door,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over the town,
By throwing candy on the ground,
Then grease 'em when they gather 'round,
Napalm sticks to kids.

*The United States relies on the Air Force and the Air Force
has never been the decisive factor in the history of wars.*

Saddam Hussein, 1990

79

80

Up jumped the swagman, and sprang into the bill-abong,
You'll never catch me alive said he!
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the bill-abong,
You'll come A-Waltzing Matilda with me.

NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to maim.
Because all the kills count the same,
Napalm sticks to kids.

CHORUS: NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS
 NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Flying low across the trees,
Pilots doing what they please,
Dropping frags on refugees,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gooks in the open, making hay,
But I can hear the gunships say,
“There’ll be no Chieu Hoi today”,
Napalm sticks to kids.

I’ve only seen it happen twice,
Both times it was mighty nice,
Shooting peasants planting rice,
Napalm sticks to kids.

See those farmers over there,
Watch me get them with a pair,
Blood and guts everywhere,
Napalm sticks to kids.

78

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE

(Tune – Wake the Town and Tell the People)

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your napalm in the square
Roll in early Sunday morning
Try to catch them all at prayer.

Spread your CBU down mainstreet
See the arms and legs and hair
Watch them crawling for the clinic
Put a pod of rockets there.

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard
Watch the orphans gather ‘round
Use your 20 millimeter
Mow those little bastards down.

Find a field of running Charlies
Drop a Daisy-Cutter there
Watch the chunks of bodies flying
Arms and legs and blood and hair.

See the fat, old pregnant woman
Running ‘cross the field in fear
Run you 20 mike-mike through her
Hope your film comes out real clear.

Spray the crops and kill the farmers
Spray them with your poison gas
Watch them throwing up their breakfast
As you make your second pass.

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your high drag on the school

81

Review....gonna spull little HADJI.
Review....gotta see my smiling face,
On the stinkin’ *FIGHTER WEAPONS REVIEW*

In our *Eagle* jet we’ll be somebody,
With thirty thousand pounds of gas.
Gonna punch off my BRU’s, get my heater’s cookin’
Mach one oh at the pass.
And when my bomb strings tight, the Ragheads filled with fright’
As I blow his ass in two!
But after all this glory, they won’t give me no stinkin’ story,
In the stinking *FIGHTER WEAPONS REVIEW*.
Weapons Review....gonna see my pitcha on the cover.
Review...gonna buy five copies for my mother.
Review...gotta see my smiling face,
On the cover of the *FIGHTER WEAPONS REVIEW!*



83

A NEW LOW

THE BALL (THE DEATH OF 69,000)

GROUP: Twas the night of the King's castration, and the King was throwing a ball... his left one. Counts, discounts, and no-counts were seated at the table, shooting camelshit, for bullshit was unknown.

QUEEN: Balls!

GROUP: Cried the Queen

QUEEN: If I had two, I'd be King.

GROUP: The King chuckled, not that he had to, but he had two. Up rode David on his dashing white

steed. Up rode the King on his diamond-studded jockstrap.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Cried David

KING: She's in bed with diphtheria.

GROUP: Said the King.

DAVID: What?

GROUP: Cried David

DAVID: Is the Greek bastard back in town?

84

If you happen to see ground fire
Don't forget the golden rule.

See them group up in the market
Waiting for a pound of rice
Hungry, starving, starving people
Isn't killing harvest nice.

COVER OF THE WEAPONS REVIEW

(Cover of the Rolling Stone)

Well, we're Eagle jocks, we got ten inch cocks,
And we're loved everywhere we go.
We fly for beauty and we fly for truth,
And we make them ragheads glow.
We got all kinds of thrills, we make ya'll kinda ill,
But the thrill we'll never know...

Is the thrill that'll hit 'chya, when ya get your pitcha
On the cover of the *WEAPONS REVIEW*.
Weapons Review...gonna see my pitcha on the cover.
Review...gonna buy five copies for my mother.
Review...gonna see my smiling face
On the cover of the *WEAPONS REVIEW*.

Well, we fly *Eagle* jets and if they give us a war,
We'll kill everything we see.
I got my support package busting their ass for me.
We got all the things that money can buy, but the one thing
they'll never do.

Is to put my mug on the front page cover,
Of the latest *FIGHTER WEAPONS REVIEW*.
Weapons Review...gonna bomb Mosul and Bagdad.

82

GROUP: And he was thrown to the lions for insolence.
The lions rose. David grabbed a lion by the
left nut.

LION: That tickles.

GROUP: Said the lion

DAVID: What tickles?

GROUP: Said David

LION: Testicles.

GROUP: Said the lion. David was summoned to come
forth. As David came forth, he slipped in
some camelshit. Shit flew at Random.

Random ducked, and the shit hit the King in
the face.

KING: SHIT!!

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 squatted and
groaned.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Asked David

KING: Fuck the princess.

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 were trampled to
death, for the King's word was Law.

85

BYE BYE CHERRY

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Back your ass against the wall
Here I come, balls and all
Bye bye cherry

CHORUS:

*Wrap you legs around a little tighter
I can feel my load is getting lighter
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
Till my little pecker spits, Cherry, bye, bye*

Won't your mother be disgusted
When she finds your cherry busted, bye, bye cherry

CHORUS

NOTHING COULD BE FINER

Nothing could be finer, than to be in your vagina, in the morning
Nothing could be sweeter, than your lips around my peter, in the
morning.

If I had a wish, and let there be no doubt
I'd spend the whole night, fucking and sucking and eating you
out

Oh, nothing could be finer, than to be in your vagina, in the
morning.

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch, oh, twice as big as me,
Hairs around her ass like branches on a tree.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

SWEET ANGELINA

Way down in El Paso, where the horse runs deep,
And soldier boys wonder while Mexicans sleep.
Lies sweet Angelina, the girl I adore,
That rough fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you,
She'll chew on your nuts.
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts.
That sweet Angelina, the girl I adore,
That rough fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

87

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Raised up her leg and farted like a man
The wind from her Bloomers broke six windows
And the cheeks of ass went:
BAM! BAM! BAM!

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits.
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice,
Do a double flip and catch them in her tits.

88

HOW 'BOUT A 69

(Tune – When I'm 64)

I could be happy, licking your clit,
When your pants are down.
You could suck my penis by the fireside,
Hop on board and go for a ride.
Out in the garden, on top of the fridge,
Anywhere is fine.
Got an erection,
Got no protection,
So, how 'bout a 69.

When I get older, losing my balls,
From my leprosy.

Will you still be sucking on the rotten bits,
Rubbing puss all over your tits.
Woke up this morning,
And to my surprise,
My cock I could not find.
Just have to face it,
Must have misplaced it,
So, how 'bout a 69.

Send you a parcel,
Enclosing my balls, and foreskin too.
Telling you the thing I find it hard to say,
Yours sincerely, wasting away.
Just can't seem to,
Get any joy,
From this cock of mine.
Just can't ignore it,
Nothing else for it.
So, how 'bout a 69.

86

WAS IT YOU?

Was it you that done the pushin'
Left the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Was it you, you sly woodpecker,
Got into my daughter Rebeccer,
'Cause if it was, you'd best be leaving town.

Yes 'twas I that done the pushin'
Left the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down,
But ever since I've had your daughter,
I've had trouble passing water,
So I guess that makes us even, all around!

GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out, one dark and windy day.
Stopped beneath a shady tree, and paused to beat his meat.
When all at once a slant eyed bitch, came ridin' down the trail.
He stopped her and asked her, "How 'bout a piece of tail?"

CHORUS

Yipee-yi-yeaaaa, Yipee-yi-yoooooo
Ghost fuckers in the sky!

Her tits were a floppin', her cunt ate out with clap.
He socked it to her anyway, and gave her ass a slap.
She shit, she moaned, she groaned, she threw him from her crack,
He rolled across the desert and broke his fucking back.

89

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down,
Mother has promised to pay.
Mother is drunk, Father's in jail,
Sister's in the family way.
Brother dear is fucking queer,
Times are fucking hard.
So, please don't burn the shithouse down,
Or, we'll all have to shit in the yard.

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

(The Bells of St. Mary)

The balls of O'Leary are wrinkled and weary,
They're shapely and stately like the dome of St. Pauls.
The women all muster to view that great cluster,
Oh, they stand and they stare at the bloody great pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

KOTEX SONG

You can tell by her smell that she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants,
When the end of the month CUMS around.

CHORUS:

For it's HI, HI, HEE in the KOTEX factory,
Shout out your orders loud and clear
We got SUPER, REGULAR, LARGE
We got RAGS to fit a barge
When the end of the month rolls around

91

You know she'll be horny when she's on the cotton pony,
You can feel from her lovin' that she's leaking hemoglobin,

If you're looking like the JOKER, then you'd better not POKER,
If she's acting pretty sad, you know she's on the pad,

You'd better give it up the rump, or you'll have a bloody stump,
You can tell from the taste, that it's not Salmon paste,

You can tell from the string, that there's something up her thing,
You can tell by the bed, that her little pussy bled,

You can tell from the sight, that the taste will have a bite,
You can tell by the feel, that she's stating to congeal,

She'll be really dry and tight, by the end of the night,
She'll bleed on your rug, if you pull out your plug,

If she has a yeast infection, better clean your erection,
You can tell that she's sick from the color of your prick,

You can tell by the stress, that she's having PMS,
If her pussy's flowin' red, just get some head,

You'll see lots of blood, when you pull out your pud,
If the smell's really heinous, you'll have to use her anus,

How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms,
You can tell from the strain, that you hit a major vein.

Good flying never killed an enemy yet.

*Major Mick Mannock
WW I RAF Ace (73 kills)*

92

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

(March of the Toy Soldiers)

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder like a European soldier?
Do your balls hang low?

In the days of old when knights were bold,
They shit right in their britches.
They wiped their ass with broken glass,
Those tough old sons-of bitches.

In the days of old when knights were bold,

And women wore mere trifles.
They hung their balls upon the walls,
And shot them down with riffles.

In the days of old when knights were bold,
And women weren't particular.
They bound them up against the wall,
And fucked them perpendicular.

In the days of old when knights were bold,
They all wore leather britches.
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks,
And yelled like sons-of-bitches.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE?

Would you like to sit on my face?
Spread your ass all over the place.
Stick my nose in a fragrant place.
Or would you rather suck my log?

90

PUBIC HAIR

(Tune: Baby Face)

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs,
There's not another that can compare, pubic hairs,
Penis or Vagina, nothing can be finer.
Pubic hairs, I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear.
I didn't need a shovel to take a mouthful of you pretty pubic
hairs!

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.
Let me stroke your vulva, 'till it fills with goo.
Let me bite your boobies, 'till their black and blue.
Let's play hide the weenie, up the old wazoo.

BY THE LIGHT

By the light, SSH, SSH, SSH--SSH, SSH, SSH
Of the flickering match, SSH, SSH, SSH--SSH, SSH, SSH
I saw her snatch, SSH, SSH, SSH--SSH, SSH, SSH
In a watermelon patch, Oh yeah.
By the light, SSH, SSH, SSH--SSH, SSH, SSH
Of the flickering match, SSH, SSH, SSH--SSH, SSH, SSH
I saw her gleam,
I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch, SSH, SSH, SSH--SSH, SSH, SSH

93

Oh daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad.
It was the same trouble I had with your dad.
There's many a man who will come to the call,
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice.
And found the results exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,
To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

BANG BANG LULU

CHORUS:

*Bang Bang Lulu
Bangin' away all day
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's gone away*

Some girls work in factories
Some girls wok in stores
Lulu works behind a bar
With fifty other whores.

Wish I was a finger
On Lulu's little hand
Every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby
She named it Sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach it how to swim.

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a rock

She couldn't call it Lulu
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Last time I saw Lulu
I haven't seen her since
She was sucking of a combat pilot
Through a barbed wire fence.

Wish I was a piss pot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maidenhead.

95

LILY WHITE KIDNEY WIPER

*CHORUS: (Repeat after each verse)
With that Lily White Kidney Wiper
And balls the size of these
And a half a yard foreskin
A hangin' down below the knees.
Hangin' down (WHAT A PRICK)
Hangin' down (INCHES THICK)
And a half a yard foreskin
A hangin' down below his knees,*

Oh, the lady of the manor
Was dressing for the ball (3)
When she heard the Highland Tinker
A humping 'ginst the wall. (3)

So, she wrote to him a letter
And in it she did say (3)
I'd rather be fucked by you, sir
Than my husband any day. (3)

96

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore house.
That is my one desire,
Some people may be bankers,
Or farmers out in Butte.
I just want to play in a house of ill repute.

Now, you may think this strange, my avocation.
But cardinal copulation's here to stay.
I don't want fame or riches,

I want to play for those old bitches.
I want to play piano in a whore house.

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

CHORUS:

*No balls, no balls
A very short peter
And no balls at all.*

The very first night that they were wed,
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed.
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother, dear mother, oh, what shall I do?
I've married a man who can never screw.
I reached for his pecker, it was very small,
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

94

The Tinker got the letter
And when it he did read (3)
His balls began to fester
And his prick began to bleed (3)

So, he jumped up on his stallion
And away he did ride (3)
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder
And his prick strapped to his side (3)

Oh, he rode into the courtyard
He rode into the ball (3)

The maid cried to the butler
"He's come to fuck us all!"

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor
He fucked them in the hall (3)
But when he fucked the butler
It was the funniest fuck of all (3)

Oh, he fucked them in the kitchen
He fucked them on the beds (3)
"I choked on it" cried the chambermaids
When we tried to give him head (3)

Then he jumped up on his stallion
And rode into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter-pattering at his feet (3)

He took the warning lightly,
And fucked them all they say
He fucked just like a rabbit
Until his dying day

97

LOADED TOO

(Tune: Close to You)

Why do geeks suddenly appears,
Every time I buy beer...
Just like me, they long to be,
LOADED TOO!!!
LAAAAAH, LAAAAEEEEEEEEAAAAEEEE, LOADED TOO!!!

On the day I got paid, my buddies got together,
And decide to try and scam some brew,

So they bellied right up to the bar,
And waited for me to buy some brew,
(badabump, badabump)

That is why all the geeks in town (geeks in town)
Follow me (follow me),
All around (all around)
Just like me, they long to be,
LOADED TOO!!!
LAAAAAH, LAAEEEEEEAAAAEEEE, LOADED TOO!!!

HAIL BRITANNIA

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Three Chinese crackers up you asshole
BAM BAM BAM

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Two Chinese crackers up you asshole
BAM BAM

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,
One Chinese cracker up you asshole
BAM

MASTURBATING MAN (Tune: Solitary Man)

Melinda was mine, 'till the time that I found her,
Sucking Jim, blowing him. Then Sue came along,
Fucked me strong, that's what I thought.
Me and Sue...She blew too.

Don't know that I will, but until I can find me,
A girl who'll lay and won't play games behind me,
I'll be what I am... Masturbating Man.

I've had it to here, being where "FUCK's" a small word,
Part-time thing like the sting,
I know it's been done, fucking one girl that loves you,
Right or wrong, just screwing strong.

I'll be what I am... Masturbating Man.

MASTURBATION (Tune: Finicule Finecula)

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

Oh, you should see me do it on the long strokes
It felt so neat, I used my feet.
Oh, you should see me do it on the long strokes
It felt so grand, I used my hand.

Beat it, smash it, throw it on the floor
Wrap it around the bedpost, slam it on the floor
Some people seem to think it's great to fornicate
But I would rather stay at home and masturbate.

100

Now Tinker's dead and gone
He's buried in St. Paul (3)
It took a separate casket
Just to haul away his balls (3)

Oh, some say he went to heaven
Some say he went to hell (3)
Some say he fucked the devil
And I know he fucked him will (3)

LEPROSY

(Tune: Yesterday)

Leprosy, all my skin is falling off of me,
I'm not half the man I used to be,
Oh, why did I get leprosy?...

Syphilis, it only started with a simple kiss,
Now it even hurts to take a piss,
Oh, why did I get Syphilis?...

Why her BOX is sick, I don't know, she wouldn't say...
Now my DRIPPING DICK won't get thick like
Yes—ter—dayayayayayayayay.....

Yesterday, my dick was always coming out to play,
Now it needs two weeks to hide away,
Oh, I believe in yes—ter—day....
MMMM, MMMM, MMMM, MMMM, MMMM....

'Cause you can't FUCK DUST!!!



The contest for air superiority is the most important contest of all, for no other operations can be sustained if this battle is lost. To win it we must have the best equipment, the best tactics, the freedom to use them, and the best pilots.

Gen William W. Moymer, USAF (1978)

98

ZACK

Oh, my dame is Zack, diddlyac, diddlyac
I'm a necrophiliac, diddlyac, diddlyac
Oh, I fuck dead women, diddlyac, diddlyac
And I fill 'em full of semen, diddlyac, diddlyac

Oh, I get frustrated, diddlyac, diddlyac
When a woman gets cremated, diddlyac, diddlyac
Oh, a burial's a must, diddlyac, diddlyac

101

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go 'round
Parties make the world go 'round
Parties make the world go 'round
So let's have a party!

We're gonna tear down the bar.
And then build a new bar.
It's only gonna be one foot wide.

BOO
RAY
BOO

Parties make the world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
So let's have a party!

ANGELES POM-POM SONG

Have you ever been in the Philippines?
The place is full of Pom Pom Queens.
The clap is bad the siph is worse.
So flub you dub for safety first.

CHORUS:

*Singing rum and Coca-Cola, come down to Angeles.
Both mother and daughter, working for GI dollar.*

RAY
BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY

The women with their dirty feet,
Walk up and down Angeles Street.
They come up close and whisper low,
“How about a little pom-pom, Joe?”

CHORUS

The Philippine pimp is very smart.
He gets his dough before you start.
The pom-pom there is very nice,
But twenty pesos is a helluva price.

104

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My grandpa makes prophylactics ,
My granny pokes em' with a pin,
My cousin performs the abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS: (Sung after each verse)

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in,
ROLLS IN,

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in,

My uncle's a Baptist preacher,
He tells of the evils of gin,
My aunt sells coke, pot, and Quaaludes,
My God how the money rolls in.

My father makes rum in the bathtub,
My mom makes two kinds of gin,
My sister makes love for a living,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves little girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God how the money rolls in.

My father died in his bathtub,
My mother died in her gin,
My sister married my brother,
My God what a mess I am in.



102

SQUADRON TOASTS

*BONE DRIVERS ARE BORN TO DRINK.
HERE ARE SOME TOASTS TO HELP THEM ON THEIR WAY.*

BONE DRIVER'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood,

When I ramble, sit, and think,
Here's to me in my drunken mood,
When I gamble, sin, and drink.

But when my flying days are over,
And from this world I pass,
I hope they bury me up side down,
So the whole damn world can kiss my ass!

A TOAST TO THOSE THAT FLY

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our comrades have gone

So stand with your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
We'll drink to those who are living
And hurrah for the next to die.

105

Here's to gunpowder and pussy, live by one, die by the other and
love the smell of both!

We might not always get what we want, we might not always get
what we need, just as long as we don't get what we deserve.

Here's to you... Suckin' My Dick!

Give him a hand, give him a hand, give him a fifth of a hand...
FUCK YOU!

Bones heal,
Chics dig scars,
Pain is temporary,
But GLORY is Forever!

Here's to the breezes,
That blows through the treeses,
That lifts the skirts above the kneeses,
That show the spot
That pleases, teases, spreads diseases,
Oh fuck, what a snatch, down the hatch!

If he is superior, then I would go home, for another day is better.

*Colonel Erich Hartmann, Luftwaffe
WW II Ace (252 kills)*

107

GAMES

4 – 5 – 6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning BIG BUCKS! The player with the hammer establishes the pot (money). Each player in turn can bet (cover) part or all of the pot starting from the left of the dealer. After the entire pot has been covered or all the players have bet in turn, the hammer

rolls the 3 dice to establish the point. A “point” consists of the third die when a pair is rolled. The next players roll in turn to beat the “point”. The following rules apply:

1. 4 – 5 – 6 is an automatic **Winner**.
2. 1 – 2 – 3 is an automatic **Loser**.
3. 6 is an automatic **Winner**.
4. 1 is an automatic **Loser**.
5. Trips is an automatic **Winner**.
6. A tie is a “push” with no money exchanged.
7. The hammer can't pull any money from the pot unless he rolls a 4 – 5 – 6. The hammer can pull the entire pot but must then pass the dice to the left.
8. If someone other than the hammer rolls a 4 – 5 – 6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round. If two or more are rolled, the 1st one gets the hammer.

ADDITIONAL ROE FOR 4 – 5 – 6

1. The proper name s for the point will be used:
 - 1 = Pimple
 - 2 = Duck (Don't laugh at a duck)
 - 3 = Slant (Should intuitively obvious)
 - 4 = Window
 - 5 = Fever
 - 6 = Winner (you dumb shit)
2. Some rolls are either natural winners or losers.
 - Two tits and a Slant (1 – 1 – 3) is a natural winner

108

A TOAST TO HONOR

Toastmaster: “Let's have a toast to honor.”

Response: “Get on her and stay on her!”

TO THOSE THAT HAVE GONE...

As we stand near the ringing rafters
The walls around us are bare
As we echo our pearls of laughter
It seems as though the dead are still there
So stand by your glasses ready
Let no tear fill your eye
Here's to those dead already
And hurrah for the next man to die.

HERE'S TO MAG

Here's to Mag, that filthy hag,
That sleazy, slimy slut.
Green fungus lies between her thighs,
And worms crawl out of her butt.

Before I'd scale those scabby legs,
Or suck those pus-filled tits.
I'd drink a cup of buzzard puke,
And die of the grizzly shits!

OTHER TOASTS...

Here's to you and here's to me, may we never disagree,
But if we do, FUCK YOU!, and here's to me.

106

OUIJONBU

Description: A game of chance played with 5 dice.
Objective: To win.
Purpose: To promote alcoholism.

BASIC RULES:

1. The highest total score at the end of the game buys!
2. Threes count as zero (threes are free) and should be pulled.

3. Roll all five dice on the first roll.
4. On each roll, one die is turned over and that point now showing is the point for that roll.
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again, a die is turned over and that point is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat five and six until all dice have become points. Total your score and pass the cup.
8. Remember, because threes are free, they should be pulled prior to turning the point die over. But, if your last die is a three, it must be turned to a four point because of rule #4 in that one dies must be turned over.

COMBAT RULES:

Violators of these rules buy when "Combat Rules" are in effect:

1. Each player should pre-flight his ordnance. (If he rolls four instead of five, he buys)
2. Insulting the dice.
 - A) If the value of the dice you select as the point dice is already showing on another die and you go ahead and turn over the die instead of just pulling the other die, you buy.
3. Stacking the dice.
4. Rolling the dice off the bar or table.
5. Asking what the point is.

109

the number and buys his friends a round of drinks. If play continues around to the hammer, he must take the next closest number by one.

COMBAT RULES:

1. First two or last two is determined prior to pulling the bill out.

2. The hammer has one look at the bill and places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low only once for each guess. If he forgets, he buys.
4. If anyone has to ask what's high or low, he buys but play continues for another round of drinks.
5. The hammer may claim any number to be the point. (i.e. LIE like a big dog)
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge. If the hammer is in error (i.e. caught lying), the hammer buys. If the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
7. Anyone guessing outside the high or low bracket buys a round, but the game is continued.

“DECEASED INSECT!”

If you don't know how to play “Deceased Insect”, ask any BONE DRIVER! Preferably in a crowded room.

111

NO-SHIT BOWLING FOR BEERS (AKA Rolling and Controlling)

1. Any sub-100 game will result in a beer frame.
2. Any first ball that is a gutter ball will result in a beer frame.
3. Any non-mark will result in the next frame being a beer frame.

4. During a beer frame, it will be the lowest score of both balls (bowling balls) that buys the beer for the beer frame.
5. If a player drops the gate on a bowler and the bowler's ball strikes the guard, it shall be a beer frame for the guilty bastard that dropped the gate.
6. There is a three-foot bubble around all bowlers. Violation of this bubble will result in a beer frame for the guilty bastard.
7. All beer frames will be marked by a star by the bowler's name, and numbered in order. As the beer frames are bought and paid for, the numbers will be circled to indicate payment.
8. All deliveries of the Mark 3 Mod-00 bowling ball will be restricted to manual deliveries only.
9. Any complaints that are a direct result of bowling for beer will be farted off. (Unless received by an O-4 or higher, then it will be turned over to the Sq Apology Officer to fart off).
10. Any change of the ROE or complaints about the ROE will be forwarded to Rick “Rocker Radtke, USAF Ret. or Capt Dan “Moose” Skousen, as they were the founding fathers of bowling for beer. IF these changes or complaints aren't worth a shit, or forwarded along with a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon, don't expect an answer, Fuzz Balls!

Being under fire is bad for the nervous system.

*Captain Willy Coppens, Belgian Air Force
WW I Ace (37 kills)*

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21 ACES

A game of chance played with 5 dice and a cup. The player who roles the 21st ACE (one) buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more Aces, he continues rolling all 5 dice until he doesn't roll any more Aces. He then passes the cup tot he next player. Each player will

continue to roll all five dice until the 17th Ace is rolled. Then, only 4 dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional Ace rolled, until you have only one die left to roll the 21st Ace.

MAJORCA 21 ACES

The game is played the same as above except the player who rolls the 7th Ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player who rolls the 14th Ace pays for the drink. The player who rolls the 21st Ace drinks!

CANADIAN RODEO

Find the pretties chick in the bar, go over to her, bite her on the ass, and try to hold on for eight seconds.

DOLLAR BILL GAME

BASIC RULES:

A game of chance played with the serial numbers of any bill denomination (kimchee money is legal), to promote the consumption of any stimulating beverage. The holder of the hammers draws a dollar bill from his wallet. He then asks the smackwad on his left or right to choose first two or last two numbers of the series. Then he asks the person in opposite direction to guess between 0-99. He will state whether that guess was high or low. This is continued until some fool guesses the

the next person who buys another round of drinks. He who possesses the Hammer determines the game of chance played to see who buys the next round.

- Presence in the bar is presence in the game.
- No hats in the bar.
- Sq T-shirts and Friday nametags will be worn on Fridays.
- No farting unless first preceded by “Leapord”, “Gamecock”, “Viper”, “Clear”, or “No Slugs”.
- No phone calls from wives in the bar.
- No whining!
- Don’t bring your work into the bar unless it’s a gradesheet following debrief.
- If you ain’t cheatin’ you ain’t tryin’!
- You must have your **Bonemen/Squadron coin** with you at all times (TDY included)
- You must have this **Hymnal** with you in the bar at all times or have it memorized
- It is allowed and highly encouraged to give IQC/MQT/FNG loads of shit for no reason.

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BAR R.O.E.

- The **beer light** is on at the last day line step, other times with the Sheriff’s approval
- When deployed, the first Boneman to buy a round of drinks has “the Hammer”. The Hammer will only be passed on to

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MEMORANDUM FOR WHOM IT CONCERNS

FROM: SAO (Squadron Apology Officer)

SUBJECT: Blanket Apology Letter

1. Members of the squadron apologize for the following reason:

- () Missed Flight Records review.
- () Missed Dental Appointment
- () Missed Social Disease Clinic.
- () Missed WG/CC call.
- () Transmitting on Guard while on a hunting trip.
- () Missed Chem Warfare Training.
- () Pissing on the wing sandbags
- () Hitting the OG/CC's wife with a pool ball.
- () Saying "Fuck" in the O'Club.
- () Missed _____.
- () Not letting shoeclerks play Crud on Friday.
- () Bowling for beer.
- () Blasting through the Delta Corridor @ FL 190
- () Walking on parked cars.
- () Looking up women's dresses while invisible.
- () Being loud and obnoxious in the Base Theater.
- () Running over stray cats.
- () Pissing off the Sky Cops again for _____.
- () Pissing off the ADO.
- () Blanket Apology (to be marked only by Sq Apology Officer) for action in advance of 6 months.

NEIL DOWNENEATER, Capt, USAF
Acting Squadron Apology Officer

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STANDARDIZED BREVITY TERMS

We are sorely lacking in standardized brevity codes to be used when TDY at an alien O'Club or bar. The following concise and

standardized transmissions will be used by all when maneuvering south of the brass football:

ALPHA CHECK	Bearing and distance to the nearest BANDIT.
AUTONOMOUS INTERCEPT TDY	Moving in on a chick while wearing a nametag.
BANDIT	Unescorted female
BINGO	Your beer can's empty.
BREAK	Aggressive maneuver to be used when you've got a "pig" at your six and closing.
BUGOUT	Last ditch maneuver to be used if the BREAK was ineffective.
BULLSEYE	The only female in the O'Club bar.
CHEAPSHOT	A glass of Ol' Redeye on the rocks.
CHECK FUEL	Shake your beer can.
CONTACT	She gazes into your eyes.
CONTACT LOST	You breathed on her.
CORNER VELOCITY	The maximum speed at which you can run 'em without your girl finding out.
ENGAGED	What she thinks she is if you give her your squadron patch
FOX 1	The first good-looking female in the bar.
FOX 2	The second good-looking female in the bar.
FOX 3	N/A at active units

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COIN CHECK

If anyone makes a coin challenge, all crewdogs present must produce their coin within 15 seconds. If one or more people

don't have a coin to produce, the coin-less loser(s) must buy everyone a drink of his choice. If all present produce their coin in the allotted time, the challenger buys the round for everyone.

BEER BUYING ROE

(For Upgrades, Promotions, Awards, etc.)

- Sq members will buy beer for all of the following:
 1. EQ on any check ride.
 2. Initial MR or instructor check.
 3. Lost Hymnal.
 4. Fratricide.
 5. Anytime you feel like it.
- Promotion party standard is 1 month's pay raise dropped on the bar. Substitutions, (like cases of whiskey or cigars), may be substituted with mayoral approval.

A shitty plan executed violently is better than a violent plan executed like a weenie.

A famous dead dude

114

FURBALL

1 v 2 (The BANDIT and her friend)

GRAPE

A blind, deaf, 82-year old who is hot to trot.

GRINDER

What "she" is going to do to your nuts when she finds your wedding ring. Typically followed up with a SHACK.

IN

Engaged dude in hot pursuit; implies that the free dude either support or get the fuck out of the way.

JINKOUT

Required maneuver when the spouse sneaks unobserved into deep "six" while you're IN. Should be unnecessary if free dude is properly supporting.

KNOCK IT
OFF

Call made by BANDIT when she thinks engagement has gone far enough and the DLO's have been achieved. COMM OUT signal is a well placed knee.

ON THE DECK
ON TOP

Crawling up on to the barstool.

One of two choices the BANDIT has for terminating an engagement.

PIREP

A lie told by a dude just back from WS.

QUICK KILL
REATTACK

BANDIT has passed out.

When you're unsuccessful on your first attack and there's nothing better in sight.

SCISSORS

A series of quick, clever statements designed to negate the BANDIT's defensive maneuvering. To be used if a QUICK KILL is not possible.

SHACK

The result of a well-placed knee.

SNAP SHOT

"Hi, I fly jets. How do you like me so far?" (Often followed by KNOCK IT OFF)

809

Lovely, simply fucking lovely.

810

FUBAR – Fucked up beyond all recognition

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811 That son of a bitch.
 812 Fuck, Shit, Piss
 813 I just got fucked.
 814 Big Fucking Deal (BFD).
 815 Get bent.
 816 Oh Shit!
 817 Merry fucking Christmas.
 818 I don't give a shit!
 819 Fuck it, just fuck it.
 820 Holy shit.
 821 Bitchin'.
 822 Tell someone who gives a shit.
 823 Don't get fucking wise.
 824 I don't give a fuck.
 825 Pardon me sir, you obviously mistook me for someone
 who gives a shit.
 826 As long as I don't stand up I'm fine.
 827 Fucking follow ups.
 828 Fuck the phones.
 829 Let's have oral gratification.
 830 I didn't design the fucking thing,
 I just sell the motherfucker.
 831 Your ass sucks wind.

832 The fucking thing won't work.
 833 Fuck off!

834 Go pound sand in your ass.
 835 Who called this fucking meeting?
 836 SNAFU; Situation normal, all fucked up!
 837 I'm free this weekend.
 838 Fuck it.
 839 Help me dump this mother.
 840 Same shit, different day.
 841 Call me at home to come back to work.
 842 Let's take off sick together.
 843 Up your ass
 844 Kiss my danger area.
 845 Muddy field, couldn't play.
 846 Colorful, but nice.
 847 As me again in a couple days.
 848 You play ball with us and we'll stick the bat up your
 ass!

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ZIPPER

A major defensive threat to an inebriated Bone Driver. Can be overcome with a cooperative BANDIT, or by ripping and tearing.

BREVITY CODES

Management wishes to bring to the attention of all personnel that some individuals have been using abusive language in the exchange of normal verbal communication with relation to the performance of routine activities.

This code list is provided to permit individual freedom and originality of our fellow employees to alleviate frustration and provide a clearer, precise, and effective means of communication to one another and not offend customer relationship and other individuals with sensitive ears that may be within hearing distance.

To preclude mistaking the communication codes with department telephone extensions, management has assigned 800 series numbers for your convenience and clarity.

- 801 You've got to be shitting me
- 802 Get off my fucking back.
- 803 Beats the shit out of me.
- 804 What the fuck!
- 805 It's so fucking bad I can't believe it.
- 806 Your ass sucks bananas.
- 807 I hate this fucking place.



- 808 Fuck you very much.

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Murphy's Rules of Combat

1.Friendly fire - isn't. 2.Suppressive fires - won't. 3.You are not Superman; Marines and fighter pilots take note. 4.A sucking chest wound is Nature's way

of telling you to slow down. 5.If it's stupid but it works, it isn't stupid. 6.Try to look unimportant; the enemy may be low on ammo and not want to waste a bullet on you. 7.If at first you don't succeed, call in an airstrike(preferably a Bone). 8.Never fly in combat with anyone braver than yourself. 9.Never go to bed with anyone crazier than yourself. 10.Never forget that your equipment was made by the lowest bidder. 11.If your attack is going really well, it's an ambush. 12.The enemy diversion you're ignoring is their main attack. 13.The enemy invariably attacks on two occasions: •when they're ready. •when you're not. 14.No OPLAN ever survives initial contact. 15.There is no such thing as a perfect plan. 16.Five second fuzes always burn three seconds. 17.There is no such thing as an atheist in combat. 18.A retreating enemy is probably just falling back and regrouping. 19.The important things are always simple; the simple are always hard. 20.The easy way is always mined. 21.Formations are essential; it gives the enemy other people to shoot at. 22.Don't look conspicuous; it draws fire. For this reason, it is not at all uncommon for aircraft carriers to be known as bomb magnets. 23.Never draw fire; it pisses off lead. 24.If you are short of everything but the enemy, you are in the combat zone. 25.When you have secured the area, make sure the enemy knows it too. 26.Incoming fire has the right of way. 27.No combat ready unit has ever passed inspection. 28.No inspection ready unit has ever passed combat. 29.If the enemy is within range, so are you. 30.The only thing more accurate than incoming enemy fire is incoming friendly fire. 31.Things which must be shipped together as a set, aren't. 32.Things that must work together, can't be carried to the field that way. 33.Radios will fail as soon as you need SEAD/OCA 34.Radar tends to fail at night and in bad weather, and especially during both.) 35.Anything you do can get you killed, including nothing. 36.Make it too tough for the enemy to get in, and you won't be able to get out. 37.Tracers work both ways. 38.If you take more than your fair share of DMPIS, you will get more than your fair share of DMPIS to take. 41.When both sides are convinced they're about to lose, they're both right. 42.Professional soldiers are predictable; the world is full of dangerous amateurs. 43.Military Intelligence is a contradiction. 44.Fortify your front; you'll get your rear shot up. 45.Weather ain't neutral. 46.If you can't remember, the SAM is pointed towards you. 47.Air defense motto: shoot 'em down; sort 'em out on the ground. 48.'Flies high, it dies; low and slow, it'll go. 49.OCA/SEAD doesn't always come to the rescue. 50.Napalm is an area support weapon. 51.Mines are equal opportunity weapons. 52.B-1s are the ultimate close support weapon. 53.Sniper's motto: reach out and touch someone. 54.Killing for peace is like screwing for virginity. 55.The one item you need is always in short supply. 56.Interchangeable parts aren't. 57.It's not the one with your name on it; it's the one addressed "to whom it may concern" you've got to think about. 58.When in doubt, empty your magazine. 59.The side with the simplest uniforms wins. 60.Combat will occur in the air between two adjoining maps. 61.If Flight Lead can see you, so can the enemy. 62.Never stand when you can sit, never sit when you can lie down, never stay awake when you can sleep. 63.The most dangerous thing in the world is a

Second Lieutenant with a map and a compass. 64.Exceptions prove the rule, and destroy the battle plan. 65.Everything always works in your HQ, everything always fails in the Colonel's HQ. 66.The enemy never watches until you make a mistake. 67.One enemy soldier is never enough, but two is entirely too many. 68.A clean (and dry) flightsuit is a magnet for mud and rain. 69.The worse the weather, the more you are required to be out in it. 70.Whenever you have plenty of ammo, you never miss. Whenever you are low on ammo, you can't hit the broad side of a barn. 71.The more a weapon costs, the farther you will have to send it away to be repaired. 72.The complexity of a weapon is inversely proportional to the IQ of the weapon's operator. 73.Field experience is something you don't get until just after you need it. 75.If enough data is collected, an accident investigation board can prove anything 76.For every action, there is an equal and opposite criticism. (in boot camp) 77.Airstrikes (from BUFFs) always overshoot the target, artillery always falls short. 78.When reviewing the radio frequencies that you just wrote down, the most important ones are always illegible. 79.Those who hesitate under fire usually do not end up KIA or WIA. 80.The tough part about being commander is that the troops don't know what they want, but they know for certain what they don't want. 81.To steal information from a person is called plagiarism. To steal information from the enemy is called gathering intelligence. 82.The weapon that usually jams when you need it the most is the M60. 83.The perfect officer for the job will transfer in the day after that billet is filled by someone else. 86.A Purple Heart just proves that were you smart enough to think of a plan, stupid enough to try it, and lucky enough to survive. 87.Murphy was an aviator. 88.Beer Math --> 2 beers times 37 men equals 49 cases. 89.Body count Math --> 3 guerrillas plus 1 probable plus 2 pigs equals 37 enemies killed in action. 90.The bursting radius of a hand grenade is always one foot greater than your jumping range. 91.All-weather Precision Guided LGBs don't work in bad weather. 92.The combat worth of a unit is inversely proportional to the smartness of its outfit and appearance. 93.The crucial round is a dud. 94.Every command, which can be misunderstood, will be. 96.Don't ever be the first, don't ever be the last and don't ever volunteer to do anything. 97.If your CAPs are firmly set and you are prepared to take the fighter push head on, he will bypass you. 100.Density of fire increases proportionally to the curiousness of the target. 101.Odd objects (BUFFs) attract fire - never fly behind one. 102.The more stupid the leader is, the more important missions he is ordered to carry out. 103.The self-importance of a superior is inversely proportional to his position in the hierarchy (as is his deviousness and mischievousness). 104.There is always a way, and it usually doesn't work. 105.Success occurs when no one is looking, failure occurs when the General is watching. 106.The enemy never monitors your radio frequency until you broadcast on an unsecured channel. 107.Whenever you drop your equipment in a fire-fight, your ammo and grenades always fall the farthest away, and your canteen always lands at your feet. 108.As soon as you are served hot chow in the field, it rains. 109.Never tell the DO you have nothing to do. 114.If the

enemy is in range so are you. 115.Field experience is something you never get until just after you need it. 116.All or any of the above combined.

Rules Of The Air

Every takeoff is optional. Every landing is mandatory.

If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger. If you pull the stick back, they get smaller. That is, unless you keep pulling the stick all the way back, then they get bigger again.

Flying isn't dangerous. Crashing is what's dangerous.

It's always better to be down here wishing you were up there than up there wishing you were down here.

The ONLY time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.

The propeller is just a big fan in front of the plane used to keep the pilot cool. When it stops, you can actually watch the pilot start sweating.

When in doubt, hold on to your altitude. No one has ever collided with the sky.

A 'good' landing is one from which you can walk away. A 'great' landing is one after which they can use the plane again.

Learn from the mistakes of others. You won't live long enough to make all of them yourself.

You know you've landed with the wheels up if it takes full power to taxi to the ramp.

The probability of survival is inversely proportional to the angle of arrival. Large angle of arrival, small probability of survival and vice versa.

Never let an aircraft take you somewhere your brain didn't get to five minutes earlier.

Stay out of clouds. The silver lining everyone keeps talking about might be another airplane going in the opposite direction. Reliable sources also report that mountains have been known to hide out in clouds.

**Always try to keep the number of landings you make
equal to the number of take offs
you've made.**

VOCATION.....BONE DRIVER

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The average Bone Driver is one part lover and two parts tiger, with a dash of sangfroid, a dollop of joie de vivre, and a hunk of weltschmerz thrown in for good measure. He lives with a perpetual bump on the bridge of his nose where his oxygen mask rubs, is slightly deaf from listening to loud engines and radios all his life, has low blood pressure and an even lower pulse rate. He has trigger reflexes, eyeballs on the back of his hard hat, broad peripheral vision, a rock like bottom, and extremely articulate hands (with which he demonstrates innumerable combat maneuvers each day.

He believes passionately that the only degree worth having is a Ph.D. in Flyology, and is just as firmly convinced that the world is three drinks behind and there would be no more wars if people would only catch up. Many think that he is to be replaced by some sort of lying UNIVAC, but to this he replies "Where else can you find another non-linear servomechanism weighing only 160 pounds having such unusual adaptability and can be produced so cheaply by unskilled labor?"

When he eventually spins in and "buys the farm", he wants to do it with his boots on and live forevermore in a land populated by blondes....."Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, and there's poker every night!"

Most (if not all) of this book is plagiarized.

To those who knew it – Thanks! (Tails)
To those others, send any complaints and lawsuits to:

SQUADRON APOLOGY OFFICER
Attn: JOE SHIT, the Rag Man